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SELECTED POETRY.

THE COTTER'S HOME.

Who hath his home in a rural glade,
And his evening seat in a sweet-brier shade;
With verdant fields and blooming flowers,
For his morning walk and his evening hours;
And with all these, a cherub son,
And a much lov'd, smiling, devoted one,
At either hand with him to rove,
Through the fields, the garden and the grove,
Where'er his humble fortune be,
Enjoys earth's purest felicity.

O! who that has tasted this, would not
Exchange for the cotter's humble lot,
Those 'airy nothings,' which engage,
A cit, and from his equipage!
Who would not exchange the baubles bright,
That coldly glitters in a city's night,
For those bright stars that deck the dome,
And twinkle in joy o'er the cotter's home!
Peace and contentment there alone,
And tranquility, sit on their triple throne.

See the birds flit around and around,
While the lambkins over the pasture bound,
List to the mockbird's lay of love,
And to the sparrow's chirp in the lilac grove;
How sweetly, with their humble lay,
The Cotter's care these birds repay,—
For no archer's arrow have they to fear,
For missiles of cruel urchins here—
As they perch at will on the Althea spray,
And sing the evening hour away.

If nature hath in her wide domain,
One favorite spot where she loves to reign,
'Tis the Cotter's bower, with its fields and groves,
And fragrant flowers, and Sylvan loves,
Where she sits and tunes her evening lyre,
In tranquility and peace inspire;
'Tis the rural glade, with its 'woodnotes wild,'
Where dwells her favorite happy child;
Where stands the lowly, humble dome,
The Cotter's and Contentment's home.

[From the Boston Pearl.]

SONNETS.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

I.

Evening has fallen on the Arkansas.
His dark and muddy waters float along,
Making no murmur as they idly pass.
On either side there sleeps the windless mass
Of the continuous forest, and among
The stars the moon her silvery urn has hung,
Fed with the spirit of the sunken sun.
No blue waves dance the stream's dark mass upon.
Glittering in light, like Beauty's silver tears,
No crest of foam above this river dun
Its misty ridge of congealed light uprears.
All were a void and blank, but far away
A dark blue ridge is set against the sky,
Beyond the forest's utmost boundary.

II.

Not so wast thou, majestic Merrimack.
When thy blue brow was bathed in starry sheen,
Thy heart went leaping in its hollow track,
And over thee did float the misty rack
Of thy white foam. Few trees to thee did lean,
Dipping their crowns within thy cooling flood;
Yet were thy banks delicious with the green
And glittering grass, on which the dews did brood,
Gray rocks above thy living tide upstood,
Scarred with the thunder, and still villages
Slept in the spirit of the ocean breeze.
Thou seemest to roll around me and infold
My heart within thy waters, as of old.

Little Rock, Ark. 1836.

[From Blackwood's Magazine]

MIDNIGHT MUSIC

"What wakes me from my heavy sleep
With tones so low and sweet?
O mother, see, who can it be
So late within the street?"—
"I hear no sound—I see no form,
O slumber soft and mild!
No midnight music comes for thee,
My poor and sickly child."
"It was no music of the earth
That sounded in mine ear;
The angels call me with their songs;
Good night, O mother dear!"

SELECTED TALES.

[From the Gift for 1837.]

THE NAMELESS ONE.

A Tale of Florence.

BY ALEXANDER DIMITRY, A. M.

Chy. Shall we redeem 'em if we set our houses?
Emp. Yes, fairly.
Chy. That at my *Villa*——
Emp. At it —— 'Tis mine!
Chy. Then, farewell, fig-trees! for I ne'er can redeem them—
Sir, will you please another throw with me?
Emp. Why, then, have it fairly—the last stake—
'Tis mine!

Valentinian, a Tragedy.

It had been a custom, time out of mind, in his family;—tables were set, each Friday night, in the principal hall in the palace—and by the glare of a Venitian chandelier, amid an almost monastic silence, the company gave themselves up to the wild frenzy of play.—Politics—what are politics in an enslaved nation?—were strictly excluded from the noble conclave; and religion was no more thought of than if there had been no Pope in the eternal city. Gaming was the chief source of diversion, and supplied every other species of amusement. It was, therefore, a Friday night. For more than two hours, the ears of the guests had been feasted with the rustling of cards—a game lately invented to while away the idiot hours of the seventh Charles of France,—when Robert Vivaldi, the munificent host of the Vivaldi palace, suddenly left a group of ladies, with whom he had been engaged in conversation, and took a seat at a table, strewed with heaps of gold, and rolls of notes of the Bank of Genoa, recently called into existence to relieve the shattered finances of the republic, wasted by long and murderous wars against the infidel.

'Vivaldi,' said the youthful heir of the princely fortunes of the house of Bracciano, 'stake five hundred pistoles with me;—I am not in the vein—I have been losing all night. This is the last stake, and may turn the luck.' And the five hundred pistoles were spread on the cloth. In two turns of the cards, Vivaldi's and Bracciano's pistoles passed to the heaps which were fast increasing before the successful ponte. Bracciano rose from his seat and very graciously offered it to Vivaldi. The latter accepted, and his first stake was of two thousand sequins.

'Doria,' said he to the winning adversary, 'let's see how far fortune will favor thee! Thou art more lucky at cards than a woman. 'Tis an old saw of our native land thou knowest!'

'Vivaldi,' answered the person to whom this speech was addressed, as he was dealing the cards, 'it is nowise generous to remind me *now*, that thou art to wed with my fair cousin, Aglaura Calvacati, in a few days. She smiles on thy suit—and 'tis well! Ye are hand-plighted—'tis better still! Yet, clubs, and follow *this* suit, as if it please thee.'

'I sought not to wound thy feelings, our right noble cousin, that art to be; but I have no clubs.'

'Then have I won; five cards of the same suit!'—said Doria, throwing the hand on the table.

'The two thousand sequins are thine! I stake twenty thousand;—'tis about the value of the ear-rings I intend buying for Aglaura's bridal day.'

'How, Vivaldi! Still harping on Aglaura? Ha, the king! The cards are mine; show thy hand. Again worsted, Vivaldi—wilt give up to me now?'

'*Corpo di Bacco*, no! It is not my wont when I lose;—a Vivaldi never shrunk before so pitiful a check of fortune. Fifty thousand!'

'A heavy stake! too heavy, perchance but thou art a noble adversary, Vivaldi, and a free-handed, that deservest the smiles of fortune. *Fifty thousand* let it be!'

The heavy lay attracted the attention of the other players: male and female rose simultaneously, and stood round Doria and Vivaldi, in deep silence and anxiety. It was a scene worthy of the dark-tinted brush of Salvator; and there was fascination in that picturesque group, bent in thrilling interest over the players, overtopped by the ancestral statues, looking grimly, in marble sternness, on the deed.

'It had been wrong in you, Signor Doria,' said Vivaldi, changing his tones and manner, 'to have hung on the stake. Are you yet to learn my palace outprizes yours—my *villa* of Camaldoli your vines of Carrara—and that Vivaldi's name weighs as powerfully as the proudest Doria's?'

'Passion and ill luck must not blind you, Signor di Vivaldi, as to the meaning of my words; and, above all, as to the meaning of my silence. Reflection will tell you that fifty thousand sequins are a heavy stake, now that the Imperialists are wasting our fair Italy, and that trinket cost twenty thousand sequins.'

'Methinks you mock me, Sir Knight?'

'No, Sir Roberto Vivaldi; I do but win your sequins—the fifty thousand are mine.'

'Ay! but my lands of the Camaldoli may well stand for two hundred thousand—and the title-deeds are free and unhampered.'

'Well, have at the lands of the Camaldoli;—but softly! I pray who shall warrant me that the Black Bands are not there already? Who knows but, at this moment, their horses are browsing at your gate—the Reiters swilling your wines—and the Landsknechte marauding on your grounds? Do you answer for them in case of previous occupation?'

'I do—for all bate, scath and damage; but play on.'

'Have you any water, at Camaldoli, on your lands?'

'The Tiber runs over my fields. You may poison the whole Campagna Romana, if such should be your whim; but play on, I say.'

'Are the sites shady? have you any statues in the park? any perspectives? I am passionately fond of perspectives.'

'Yes, each and all of these, with stocks and gibbets for my vassal, to boot—for I hold the right of justice, high and low over them. Are you ambitious in the exercise of that right? If so——but, in the devil's name, play on!'

'Are those vassals of yours—the *contadini*, I mean—handsome? Boast any of them the freshness and beauty of Aglaura?'

'Ha!' said Vivaldi, blenching and quivering with rising passion; 'a truce to this ribaldry, Doria, or by the bones of my noble sire!'—and his hand caught the guard of his rapier.

'Nay never grasp your sword, man!' said Doria;—'everything is said between us, and I play two hundred thousand sequins against the villa of the Camaldoli.'

'Ay! a thousand times, ay!'

'Hearts!'

'Have at hearts.'

'Hearts!'

'Have at them again.'

'Hearts!'

'Hell and Satan! I have none.'

'Hearts!'

'Play on.'

'Hearts!'

'None.'

'Camaldoli is mine!'

'Oh, but these are infamous cards! The foul fiend himself hath kneaded them into paper—and his own baleful fires colored to my undoing!—I beg you, ladies, to excuse this burst of feeling;—but indeed no one could be more scurvily treated by fate. I am really ashamed of myself; for, after all, 'tis but a paltry two hundred thousand; and I am too proud to yield to the loss. Have ye been as luckless as I to-night? I should be sorry to *hear it*. But I cry you forgiveness, Sir Knight; I had forgotten that Camaldoli is yours. My steward shall hand you over the titles; but, I do beseech you, be so kind as to invite the young ladies sometimes. Curses on my frowning star. Hearts throughout—a sequence of five hearts!'

'It will be a happy day to me, Sir Vivaldi, when the ladies shall honor my villa with their goodly company,—and you, yourself, whenever it may so list you to come and spend a fortnight——'

'Enough—but will you so soon clip the wings of victory? You have the *villa*, but this place is still mine. After the Pitti, you know, 'tis the admiration of all *strangers and virtuosi*. Marbles and vases—paintings and models—for something *like* a half million. I'll give you another chance.'

'Which I must heartily accept.'

'How much will you stake against it?'

'Whatever you may please to say.'

'No—I would rather you would speak.'

'Do you speak; I am the winner.'

'Double or quits, then;—what you have already won against the palace. Does it not seem to you, Sir Doria,' said Vivaldi, as the cards went round, 'that the lamps burn dimly?'

''Tis but the tiring of the eye;—shall we take breathing time?'

'By no means! but it seemed to me the lights grew pale. For the last five minutes the color of my cards—red, black, and white—have been dancing beneath my eye, and I can scarcely read their value. Your say, Doria.'

Doria spoke not, but played. In three turns, fate, which had laid its clutch on Vivaldi, decided its utter ruin. Without a change of feature—a breath of emotion, he laid the golden key of the palace on the cloth, and calmly passed through the crowd, who stood mute and appalled spectators of the work of madness, which left him moneyless and homeless. None dared even address one word of condolence. Yet he traced his steps to the fatal table. What could he play for now? He went up to Doria and whispered him for a few moments with marked agitation. The latter made an affirming sign—the cards were resumed and dealt, and again dealt to the ruin of the victim.

'Are you the arch one?' shouted Vivaldi, striking his dagger—a splendid and jewelled bellini—through the scattered pack. 'Are you the devil, or leagued with him to win at every turn?'

'Neither, Signor Vivaldi; I prove the contrary—for the devil, they say, loves not women; and these cards have won your betrothed from your arms!'

'Doria, the devil damn thee for a dastard, for saying so!'

'And thou, Vivaldi, a hundred-fold a dastard be thou for staking her on a card!'

'Aglaura, his bride! the only scion of the time honored branch of the Calvacati, staked on a card: *Madonna Purissima!*' shrieked the bridling dames. 'Oh! that we should have lived to see the eagle of Germany hovering over *il Duomo*, and a felon knight sport away the noble daughter of a princely house!'

But Vivaldi seemed not to heed their frowns. The one absorbing and devouring passion, ministered unto by despair, was fearfully busy at his heart. His hand released its hold of the rapier's hilt, which he had grasped when Doria threw back the dastard to him—and his voice came forthwith a lessening sound as he said—

'Silence! listen to me Doria. The vile dross of earth and a gem of purest ray, have I lost this night.—But another treasure—an untouched, priceless treasure—have I yet to give to chance and to thee. I, Francesco Coberto Vivaldi, linked with the most illustrious and princely strains of Italy—I, who claim ancestry with a governor of Trieste, a victor of Lepanto, and two doges of Venice—I, whose blood flows with the blood of the Magnates and Gonfaloniers of Florence—I repeat it, I Francesco Roberto Vivaldi, lord of Camaldoli and knight of the Holy Ghost, do play my name against thee!'

'His name?' shouted the knights and barons, princes and dukes, and Doria among the rest, with a peal of laughter.—'His name!'

'Ay a name! 'Tis well worth, I presume,' said he smiling bitterly, 'a few thousand acres of vines in Carrara; and the glory that haloes it, I tell thee, Giuseppe Doria, is not to be bought by any sum which thou may'st command. I stake that name—and if I lose, by the memory of my sainted mother, I swear that never shall Vivaldi answer it again. 'Tis inscribed in the book of life—written in gold in the registry of Venice—stamped in all the chivalric memories of Etruria.—Well! let me lose it—and be it thenceforth erased from all human record and human recollection.

'A name!—is it meet that I should explain it to you, Sirs Knights, who bear names, and proud ones too?—'Tis the social right vested by the Church, under the consecration of God himself;—'tis the first and earliest blessing of our forefathers—a symbol of their well-earned glory in after life, and the historical patrimony of the part which they have entered in the drama of the world;—'tis the chain which connects the past with the present—the present with the future—the link that binds the mouldering with the living, and the living with the coming generations;—'tis the sacred majority of blood—the concentrated virtue of a race, and its hereditary talisman against the touch of oblivion.—The slave has no name, but that which he holds from the will of his master—the bastard, but the one which he claims from the pity of the world. Be it a gift of heaven, or an alms of society, 'tis still the magic cement, without which all the successive deeds of a being's life would dwindle away like the vile dust, which the winds sweep from your streets. A man's name—one of those that are embalmed in memory—it never falls upon the ear but it suddenly calls forth the living page of his story, and points to the living proof of his identity of evil or good, of virtue or of crime. 'Tis our number in the roll of life, to which, when called we must answer 'here!' Forget it—lose your right of answer, and every other right is equally lost. The protection of the laws is but a dead letter to you—your life is a cheat—a lie—a usurpation—something that weighs uselessly, fraudulently on the face of the earth. You are the *paria* of society, from the hour that society hath no name to give you. Besides, not only is the human species continued through the virtue of a name—not only does it pass from the ancestor to the descendant, who transmits it to his posterity, but it is also carried to the day of doom, when time shall make room for eternity—space melt into infinity—and the archangel summon humanity from the grave. Even there a name is the key of heaven and of hell—and should I lose mine, I should remain deaf to the archangel's voice, and be lost even to Satan himself;—the tomb will not yawn & heave me in upper air to meet the doom of God. Think well on it;—the whole of creation is in a name. Wipe away the sacrament of baptism; destroy the record of a name, and there is no history, no society, no futurity. The past becomes a dream—the world a chaos;—paradise is closed—damnation repels and nothingness ingulfs us. A man's name is his life-blood and his soul. Many have bargained it to the arch enemy; mine will do worse, and suicide itself. 'Tis the only property, the title of which is indelibly stamped by Christ on the brow of man. That property—right and title—I play against you, Doria! What do you value it at?'

'So strange is your proposal, Vivaldi, that I know not how to meet it. As you have done to-night, money palaces, kingdoms—even women—have been played for;—but a name?'

'Strange, or not strange—the question is not, whether the ware be precious or not; but whether it have a price. My name is that ware.'

'Allow me, Vivaldi, I know the use to which I destine the wealth you have lost—and the women whom I have lawfully reconquered; but what shall I do with your name should I win it?'

Is it nothing to compel me within the eternal damnation which I court in the sight of God? Nothing to underlie the scorn of man—the load of mockery to which I am self-doomed until the day that shall enable me to redeem that name? For, have I not said it? By all that's holy and awful in heaven, I swear never to hear or breathe that name! More—if I lose, it shall fall heedless on my ear nor find an echo on my lips to answer its call. Again I say, my name is my soul—and and that I'll play for with you.'

'Indeed, Francesco, were it not for the violence of your speech, and the extent of your losses—were it not for the hope of giving you a chance of recovery—I would not deem myself bound to answer the madness of your infernal defiance.'

'You're a casuist, and I thank you for your kind scruples. But will you play or will you not? Once for all, what do you value my name at?'

'Too highly to set a price on it. If I win, I shall keep and wear it; if I lose, you shall tell me its worth.'

'Sit down, then, in God's name!' and he signed himself with the sign of the cross—'Mockery!'

While the cards were shuffling, the horror-stricken guests left the room, with one spontaneous movement; and the gamesters remained alone in the solemn immensity of the gorgeous hall. It was now twelve o'clock, and the candlebras emitted fitful flaws of flickering light, in the mistiness of which were lost the fresco'd pannels, the iron statues, and the storied arras.—On the right and left—on all sides—within the frame of the tall mirrors, forming a fantastic combination of countless heads, were reflected the wild and haggard features of the gamblers, intently crouching over the green cloth. The corresponding motions of their bodies, in the glasses, imaged a sacrilegious conclave, bent on a secret deed; while the stillness of the night was occasionally relieved by the whisperings of the wind, the stirrings of the leaves, and the rustling of the curtains, trembling before the opened casements, and flinging their vague shadow on a clump of trees, whose copse peered above the balcony—the mute inanimate and dark witnesses of a darker scene within! And on that fearful silence broke a wild and signal cry—

'I am damned!'—and a man left the city of Florence through San Gallo's gate.

* * * * * * *

'Twas on the break of day; and the morning twilight already harbingered the rising of the sun. From the gentle eminence on which the man stood, the country laid all around him like a world of vapors—the shadows of a dream. Ever and anon, flying or stationary, the bluish mists of morning brooded like a cowl, over the plain. Vaguely defined palaces, waving trees, and towering belfries, cut off from the soil by the exhalations of the dews, seemed to rest on a ground of clouds, tinged by the faint blushes of the early light.—But for the Palladian edifices—the work of superhuman art—the scene recalled the idea of the freshness and beauty of the unwrinkled world, springing from the darkness and confusion of chaos. Every object was waving in the distance:—baseless steeples and turrets—votive chapels and arrowy spires seemed gravely to dance, in the haze, to the warning sound of the morning Angelus. The foot of the hill was shrouded in a mass of thin fogs, extending to the far-off horizon, in one unbroken circle, dotted here and there, by clusters of populars and larches. The murmurs of the breeze came redolent and perfume from the emanations of the wild rose bush and the mountain thyme; while its voice spoke joyfully and the melodies of nature abroad. Even in so holy and lovely a spot did the arch enemy tempt the Saviour of our kind. But *he* had nothing—not even a name—to give to Satan as a badge of the infernal covenant. Leaning against a withered tree, scathed by the lightning of heaven—an emblem of himself—a thing without a name—he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

'Oh, my villa of Camaldoli, and its fruits, so rich and luscious that they graced the Pope's table alone—and my marble palace, with its hoards of science and art—Aglaura, my plighted one, with her passing beauties—and my name, my own good patrician name—all gone, and I am nothing! That I could, with my trusty blade, but snatch it from thee, Doria, again to clothe myself with its glories—trace it on the sand, though 'twere swept away the moment after—or even whisper it in my solitude and gloom! Away—no more, no more! When I played it off, I stripped myself of the right of bearing it again. The laws of gambling have deprived me of that right, and debts of honor are as sacred as the relics of San Pietro. The Pope himself hath no power over them. And, besides, have I not lost it in the eyes of the world? Will they not compel me to remain under the power of a wilful compact—the yoke of freely incurred chance? The world! They, no doubt, despise me! They forswore the apostate who has forsworn himself. I am viler in their eyes than the vilest Pagan. I have knowingly tempted God, and committed a sacrilege. My lust of gold has bartered away the immortal part of myself—the only thing of me that could not die and rot away with the flesh that wraps me. I have broken the alliance with my patron saint—my tutelar angel—my special guardian on earth and daily advocate in heaven. And if, in his ignorance, the child, with his soft voice, should prattle the mysterious syllables—to start at the sound were a disloyal act—to understand him a theft—to answer him a crime. Wo's me, in this world and in the next! The fiends themselves will shrink from my fellowship; for they, too, have a name in God's creation, and Satan is called Satan!'

Morning was now lining the verge of the horizon with its purple tints. The city of Florence began to loom through the brighter atmosphere. From the height on which he stood, he could easily distinguish the mass of monuments which grace *Firenze la Superba*, the city of poets and painters—of warriors and statesmen. With the return of light, the hum of the living floated over the city, and the keen shiverings of the blast brought to his ear the clang of trumpets, pealing their *reveilles* to the sleepers of the barracks. There he stood—like the god Terminus of his native land—leaning against the sapless tree, and wistfully gazing on the girl of the Appenines, merrily tripping to the market of San Lorenzo. The pyramids of fruit—the baskets of flowers—the dark, flashing eye of the *vilanelli*—the glossy ringlets, sporting about their cheeks—the gay carol of their mountain *quicherello*—the passing prayer, before the cross-stone, for a propitious market—these, and a hundred other causes, poured balm on the desolation of his heart. He addressed one of the girls, and smiling on her artless face, was about purchasing some of her flowers, when he heard—

'Sir Knight, if you buy a rose of Nina, you must take a pink from Maria, a stem of jessamine from Gloria, and a bunch of heart's-ease from Luigina; for Maria, Gloria and Luigina are my sisters, please you,' said Nina, courtesying to the Nameless.

'Hell and malediction! They all have a name, and yet are but vassals—the children of soil-bound hinds!'—and he rushed down the vale, like a madman, shouting—'Nina, Maria, Gloria, Luigina! And I—but yesterday the lord of a hundred serfs—nothing—no name!'

In his wanderings he reached the monastery of the *Frati Minori*, and knocked at the gate. One of the brethren thrust his head out of the wicket-door, and inquired his wish.

'*Frate*,' said he, 'I want to be baptised!'

'You are an early stirrer in the cause.'

'Eternal salvation urges me!'

'What is your creed? Are you of the Giudecca?'

'No!'

'Are you a Pagan Turk?'

'No!'

'A Manichean—a heretic of Germany—a Lutheran, Calvinist, or Zuinglian?'

'No, no, no! I was born in the bosom of the holy, catholic, apostolic and Roman church!'

'What more would you have, then?'

'I would be baptized a second time.'

'It may not be—'tis forbidden by the council of Tre[illegible], the *Decretals Clementina*, and the bull: *Relapsi ne iterum baptizentur*.'

'But I have lost my name!'

'Find it again. The Angelus has just tolled—the *campaniero* calls the brotherhood to mass. God help you!' and the monk closed the abbey-door on him.

'Am I, then, refused baptism? Divine mercy! Am I, then, no longer a Christian—a child of God? No, holy and awful eucharist—no Christmas festival—Easter, nor Pentecost? No blest taper to the *Madonna di Loretto*, when I shall be sick? No priestly prayers to soothe the writhings of my lone death-bed? Oh, Viv——' and the word died on his lips.

As he entered a village—depending on the manor of his sister, the duchess di Paglia—the curate said—

'God save you, Signor Roberto Vivaldi!'

His old nurse, looking out of the window of her lodge, cried at the top of her treble—

'The good day, and a blessing to thee, Vivaldi, *figlio mio!*'

The villager, standing on the threshold of his door, greeted him as he passed, with his—

'Welcome to Paglia, noble Lord Vivaldi!'

But he made no answer to priest, nurse or villager.

He entered his sister's palace, and as he strode in silent despair through the hall, the menials shrunk from the marble paleness of his cheek, and the stony madness of his eye. Appalled by the distortion of his features, his sister clung to him, and inquired, with all the pertinacity of woman's devotedness, what had befallen him. He sunk into a chair, but no answer came from his lips. A nephew, whom he loved with almost parental fondness, ran into his arms and lisped—

'We've been waiting two days for thee, uncle Costa?'

'Filippino, dear,' said the mother, 'this isn't uncle Costa.'

''Tis cousin Cardoni then?'

'No, not cousin Cardoni, either.'

''Tis——but I'll ask him, sha'n't I, mamma? Tell me, uncle, tell me thy name, and Fillippino will love thee!'

But he rose abruptly—hurled the child from his side, and rushed out of the palace. Neither peace nor rest did he know from that hour; utter, unassuaged despair clung to him wherever he went. The vassal, as he passed by, muttered to himself—"He is less than I;—I am the slave, but he, he is the bastard of society."—The very beggar spurned his charities with disdain—'For,' said he, 'whom shall I kneel and pray for before the shrine of our Lady of the Seven Woes?' The bandit proud of a bloody name, trumpeted to the multitude by the voice of the executioner—walked to the scaffold, with a scornful smile, as he met the Nameless One—'For, said he, he who would kill that shadow of a man, would but complete his suicide, and his murderer could not even be brought to justice.' There were no sacraments for him—no incense—no blessing—no offices of the dead—no indulgences—no paradise—no purgatory—no hell. The souls in limbo—the germs of creation, stifled in her growth—the very abortions of nature—undergo the law of original sin, and have a dwelling-place assigned them; yet he, full of vigor and of life, he had none! The thought crossed his mind, one day, that could he but command hoards of gold, Doria might take them for a name which availed him nothing. It came over him like an inspiration of heaven—a ray of hope to the doomed. He sought out a horde of those whose business is to level property and equalize the wealth of society. And a good idea it certainly was. His own native Italy was settled by robbers; and the first stones of Rome's foundations were cemented by the blood of fratricide. Conquest is but an embellishment and a consecration of theft. The world belongs to the daring, and God is with the strong; the rod of power is held out to the fearless—*e la mano la piu scaltra la raccoglie*. With these feelings he went among the bandits of the Appenines.

'Who art thou?' was the first question.

'A foe to mankind.'

'Then art thou *our* friend. What would'st have?'

'Carry ruin and desolation in the midst of peace and happiness—live the life of the highway and the forest—wait for my prey in the tangles of the woods—follow you to pillage, and, if so be, to the scaffold; win gold with the daring of the outlaw; and, after having poured out the blood of the victim, cut my daily bread with my dagger's blade.'

'What next?'

'I wish to be a terror and a scourge to man; be called the lion, the tiger, the incediary—whatever ye may please; so I but earn the baptism of daring and crime.'

'Thou shalt have it. What is thy name?'

'*My name?*'

'Ay, *thy* name! Does it wonder thee? Why I, who am now speaking, I am *Il Terrible*; but St. Anthony is my patron, because I am called Antonio. My lieutenant; yon sweet bird of the gibbet, over there, is *Il Terremoto*; but his name is Michael, and he calls on St. Michael in his hour of need. Before thou can'st be a robber and a true man, thou must give us thy name, and tell us the saint whom thou worshipest.'

'Saint I worship no longer.'

'Thou may'st not be one of us—'twould bring down the curse of heaven on our gang; and the saints would frown on us if we received thee. Away, then, and leave the cave;—thou hast no name to be called by—no saint to call upon!'

He left the cave, and directed his steps to the city.—Within the walls, one of the most daring bandits of the Abbruzzi was breaking alive on the wheel. He had already received the ten legal blows—the eleventh—the last, the complement of human kindness and human justice, the blow of mercy—was still withheld; and the executioner was conversing with the ministering friar, for the Nameless One neared the scaffold and asked the culprit for what crime he suffered.

'Signor,' said he, in the reckless manner which had characterised his conduct during the execution, 'my time is but short—I suffer *rather* acutely—and what you wish to know is somewhat long and intricate. It may as well be told, however. I had friends, who went about hawking the exhibition—my son played the mantle and I acted the saint,—that is to say, I had no match in the country to snip a necklace of pearls from the holy Virgin, and sleight off the diamonds, which no ways became the fingers of San Roch, seeing he always was an humble and lowly-minded saint. One day—I can't help laughing; in spite of my shattered limbs—I whipped off the chalice from the altar, at the very moment of consecration, and carried it to the next tavern, full of Lachrymæ Christi, as it was, and emptied it, with my *bella* and comrades, to the successful day. You have, may be, heard of La Pinta? She was my love—a sublime, magnificent creature, when the juice of Orvieto fired her Neapolitan blood and blasphemy stood howling on her coral lips, *Poverina!* she is dead now—an awkward ball from one of the Sbirri's carbines, about the Pontine marshes, sent her to her reckoning—and I am now going to join her. Signore, *lei mi fara la finezza*—the hangman is waiting, and you will please to excuse me.

'Well, but listen to me; dost thou believe in God?'

'Sometimes—it depends entirely——'

'Dost thou believe in baptism?'

'No more than I believe in the courage of the brigadieri; not the least in the world.'

'Then thou shalt go into everlasting damnation!'

'*E sicuro!*' replied the wretch with a hyena laugh. 'I have been working for it ever since I rifled the shrine of San Gennaro, and filched the diadem off the head of Santa Orsola di Bologna,—at least so says yon fat, praying monk, who has been spitting Latin at me, by way of a salve for my broken bones and bleeding flesh.'

'Since thou believest not in baptism, tell me thy name, then.'

'What! sell you my name? *Sagrataccio!* And what can I do with the money *now*?'

'Not so much for the money. Do but sell me thy name, and thou wilt no more go into perdition than into bliss. All shall be smooth for thee hereafter; as if God's angels had interceded for thee—and thou had'st never been created and sent into the world.'

'Indeed! *Dove diavolo*, have you learned——?'

'Thou shalt be dead to the devil, who shall call for thee in vain, from among the countless host of his chosen.'

'Thanks for the promise. But I am on fair terms with the gentleman. Friars and nuns have I killed by the dozen; I roasted a cardinal, in his own palace, as he was feasting with his *buona roba*; and compelled the holy Bishop of Viterbio, with my good Milan blade to his throat, to drain a flagon of Monte Pulsiano, and swallow a fat ham on Good Friday. There will be ringing of bells in the place when I call at the gates; for there have I sent many a warmer of a priest, dyed in damnable sin, to tell of my coming! Now, if it please you, friar, drive this babbler away; and, executioner, do thou thy duty, and quickly too.'

Despairing of ever being able to borrow a name from an ignominious scaffold, he wandered all day about the city. And great was his grief when he learned that a friend of his, whom he had served as a second in a duel, had been tried, condemned, and executed through the influence of a powerful family; and he could not go before the tribunal and acquit his memory, at least, by his declaration that everything had been done according to the laws of honour, because he had no character, no name, and stood the outlaw of society. He wished to leave Italy for Germany, and he asked for a passport at the frontiers. As no one could answer for his identity showing no name to make it good—he was tracked as a smuggler, a galley-slave, a fugitive from justice. A short time afterwards, he learned that Doria no longer went in the world by his family appellation, but bore his own lost patrician name—linked with dishonourable debts—fastened to the hurdle of an infamous reputation—disgraced in the eyes of all high thoughted men.—Thus had that name of his, beautiful in its Gothic and not inglorious dust, been dragged forth and attenuated in some scandalous lawsuit. It had been blazoned throughout Italy—written in an attainting judgment—and posted on the four corners of Tuscany, connected with a fraudulent bankruptcy. That name had been spent in debauchery—thrown out of manly repute—and dragged through the sewers of Florence. Venice had long erased it from the golden book, as an oversight of a copyist. In a tavern, in Leghorn, he learned from a Dutch skipper, that Doria was a counterfeiter, who escaped from the bagnios of Cattaro, to which he had been sentenced for five years, for slipping a card in an assembly of right reverend and wealthy prelates. And the damning conviction flashed across his mind, that the same process had stripped him of his palace, his mistress, and his name. And yet, stained and degraded as it was, he would have given the last fragment of life to redeem it from Doria. At last he understood that that very life was a contradiction—that nothing belonged to him, and that he belonged to nothing—that in throwing away his name, he had thrown away something more than existence—the more common-stock property of the herd—that every step of his moved a living corpse and a nameless thing through the world; and that he was violating the tomb, from the moment that he had lost the right of life with the right of his name.

Goaded by one continuous thought of madness, he wandered night and day on the crests of the high rocks, on the margin of the torrents, the alluring depths of which he measured with a longing eye. Yet the dread of nothingness palsied his determination. He had a faint hold on hope, through life: he dared not kill the latter for fear of killing the former—for he believed strongly that there still could be, even in the midst of the fiery gulf, treasures of hope in the heart of the damned.—Now, to quench his soul, abdicate the very wretchedness of his life—lose his right of diving into the mysteries of future existence, and of seeing God, as the rest of mankind, though it were through the searing bars of the grates of hell—to be away from the splendours of the consummation of the world—a pageantry promised, from boyhood, to his belief of the separation of the wheat from the chaff, the pure from the impure, the blest from the doomed—these were things which he could not take upon himself to resolve by one wild, frenzied, and irrevocable act. He understood that hell itself was comparatively good,—there, at least, the tenants have a habitation, a being, and a life, though a habitation of wo, a life of torments, and a being of eternity. Hence he would steal a few minutes of something like hope, from the resolves of despair, in the vain expectation of coming victory over the dark, cheerless, and self-imposed destiny which crushed him to the earth. He came, at last, to a settled determination; but before following it up with execution, he repaired once more to Florence—the city of his birth—the seat of his ancestral glories; for it is characteristic of suicide to summon the buried images of the past—rekindle the ashes of faded joys and withered hopes, before it comes to the great compromise between life and wretchedness, and death and peace.

* * * * *

The street was bright, though deserted. But there he stood, and there stood his palace, sparkling with lights, like some magic creation of the fairy east.—Within its princely halls, golden cups, smiling with the most savoury fruits of Tuscany, were handing round—and fiery drinks, and reeking perfumes. Women made up of silks and brocade, velvet and gold—with the swimming looks, the shameless shoulder, and the naked arm, flinging, as they danced, wimple and veil, bathed in voluptuous dew. And the slight wavings of the scarlet draperies, yielding to the sway of the winds, cast their mimic shadows, like the flames of a conflagration, over the silent street; while, gracefully defined in the mirrors which lined the room, like broken blades in the sunshine of a battlefield, were clustered the heads of dancers, drunk with desire, and glittering with gems.—On all sides stood vases of flowers, and lamps that mocked the hues and the softness of the rainbow. Above the din of pleasure, rose the tinkling sound of gold rolling on the tables—joys and shouts, sarcasms and songs—the chime of cymbals—the rattle of the tambourines, the brayings of trombones—the crash of glasses, and the clatter of plates:—the very air was drunk. Widely opened casements overlooked the balconies: and on the balconies were women, gazing on the stars of heaven; while they gave up their naked charms to the passionate kiss. There were intoxication, mirth, ruin, kisses and loves in the pageant—a very surfeiting of women and perfumes, of music and wine.

''Tis he!—'tis Doria, and Aglaura, too!' exclaimed the Nameless One, as he glared envy and revenge on a couple who flitted across the scene—'he has given her my name, with my lost hoards. Why cannot I go to him and tell him, 'There's gold for thee, Doria, but give me back my name, and let us be even? I feel it here, in my maddening brain—his life is linked with mine. If he go to the confines of earth, when I achieve my ransom, must I not go too? If he be pent in a dungeon—if riveted to the bench of the galley-slave—if sickness nail him on the alms-house bed, or infamy to the pillory, must I not go to him—bend me to his ear, rattle his chains, or jerk his pallet, and tell him, Lord Doria, here am I come! For life, for death—for heaven, for hell—give me back my name;—or, if not thine, give me thine, with its stains and its infamy. Be generous, and claim not a double share of heaven's joys—or rather be selfish, and shrink from a twofold deal of hell's torments.'

And when he had revelled awhile in his despair, he directed his steps to the Arno, and stood on its banks, contemplating the beauties of the night, and inhaling the freshness of the stream, that drifted a world of stars in its course. Drenched with the dew—worn out with lassitude—he was about couching himself on its banks, when his ear caught the dashing of oars, and the dancing of gondolas, coming towards him, loaded with revellers and musicians. Along the banks a host of menials bore flaming torches, variegated lanterns, and garlands of flowers. The bright host had been adjourned to the river. He deemed it the mockery of a dream. This splendour amid the darkness of the night—this tumult amid the stillness of repose, wrought confusion in his feverish brain—and he concealed himself among the reeds, which whispered in the wind. He saw Aglaura, fairer than she ever had been, tottering beneath the weight of finery and gems. When all the groups had entered the wherries, which waited for them on the shore, and passed on, with their stream of music, their torches and their merriment, under the arches of the bridge, which seemed to ingulf them in its very jaws, he, still lurking in his hiding-place, heard two loud shrieks rolling through the columns of the night.—Nearing the spot whence they came, he saw a couple of men in full and precipitate flight. On the ground lay a murdered man. Seizing a lantern which had been dropped in the flight, and throwing its glare on the face of the man, who lay withering like a wounded snake, he knelt down by him and tried to scan his features. He wiped away the bloody froth and sand which bubbled on his lips, lifted the lifeless and wrinkled lid, which had dropped over the filmy eye, and exclaimed—

'Good God!—Doria! and dying—for his eye is closed—his lips are ashen, and his veins are black: he is dying, and, with him, my lost name. Doria, my kind Doria! save me, I pray thee, save me from nothingness; give me my name. Hist! what does he say? His voice falters. Speak, dear Doria, speak! what would'st have? Would'st have me die with thee? Well, give it to me still! I will die, if thou requirest my death—but answer me—I adjure thee, answer me!'

'Water! give me water, for pity's sake!'

'The whole river, if thou wilt,—but first my name, my father's name and mine!'

'Oh, for a little water! my lips are shrivelled, and hot iron seams my heart! Who art thou?'

'Who am I? Caitiff, swindler; but give me back my name, and then will I tell thee. Give it me for a drop of water—I'll open thy lips—the Arno flows at my feet—'tis but reaching out my hand. Nothing for nothing. My name, and thou shalt have water, plenty of water. My name, I say!'

'A drop—one drop of water—I choke—my tongue is parched!'

'Three words—but *three* words, good Doria—those which I was called on by my sainted mother,—speak them and thou shalt have any thing. Ha! the villain shakes his head—he laughs—he mocks me, and writhes to the stream! By heaven, thou shalt not. Answer me, wretch, or I'll choke one minute of thy life—my name!'

And he shook Doria by the trimmings of his gorgeous dress—bent him over his wandering eye and breathless mouth; then dropped him to the ground, and clasped his hands, blending prayers with blasphemies, words of supplication with howls of rage. There was a minute's silence, and with a stream of blood—

'Water, water, for God's sake!' gurgled out of Doria's throat. 'Dead!'

Then did Vivaldi, with a demon's yell, and a fiendish, godless smile, raise his foot, and bury his heel in the dead man's breast.

'And now, Doria, be thou damned, and thy soul loaded with the curse of the Nameless One!'

On that morning, a fisherman, who was wending his way to Leghorn, heard a heavy plunge in the water. He made for the spot, but saw nothing save a large circle, increasing in its gyrations as it whirled away to either shore. To this day, in the dissecting room of the museum of Florence, the traveller sometimes looks musingly at a shining skeleton, kept in a glass case, and articulated with silver and brass. 'Tis the Nameless One's.

[From the Magnolia for 1837.]

THE PARTY OF SIX.

A trait of the Nineteenth Century.

BY JOHN INMAN.

Beppo Antonio, sole proprietor of the Hotel Della Madonna, situated in one of the quietest streets of the Eternal City, stood at the open door of his dining-room, with a comical blending of hope and grief in his pale and not very engaging countenance. It was a dull time of year for travel, and Beppo had serious doubts whether his tables were not set out to no purpose; for as yet, though his helpmate had sent up three times from below, to say that the macaroni was boiled almost to a paste, and the fish fried to a cinder, not a creature had taken his seat at one of the little tables, and ordered even a bowl of minestra. There was, indeed, one person within the room—a tall, elderly man, with gray hair and blue eyes, an enormous queue dangling halfway down his back, and a remarkably hungry look peering out from his face, and indeed characterizing his person—but this man's garments were seedy, not to say shabby; and though he had been walking backward and forward, from one end of the room to the other, for more than three quarters of an hour, he had as yet called for nothing; and Beppo nourished a huge suspicion that if he should order and eat his dinner, payment was not quite so certain to follow as he could wish. 'Some broken down *militaire*,' muttered Beppo, his heart almost prevailing to give the poor fellow a meal and a cup of wine, at the risk even of catching a scratched face or a curtain lecture from his better half, down below; 'some poor kicked about vagabond, that has been standing up to be shot at, the best part of his life, for three pauls a month, and now that fighting has gone out of fashion, is left either to beg or starve, just as best suits his convenience.'

Beppo was probably right in his conjecture. The stranger's port was erect; and his walk up and down the room was as much like a soldier's march on parade, as it was like any thing. Besides, his complexion was bronzed by the sun, his chin was upheld by a stiff leather stock, and his coat, though very much worse for wear, had a standing collar, edged with tarnished gold lace. He was an old soldier, past question, and as certainly very poor, or appearances sadly belied him.

At length Beppo's anxieties were relieved. The veteran pretermitted his march, and seating himself at one of the tables, called for a bouilli and a measure of brandy; and by the time this command was fulfilled, the despairings of Beppo were not a little alleviated by an influx of customers to his boiled, broiled, and roasted.

First came an old gentleman, tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a remarkably narrow head covered with stiff white hair, and small black eyes, which the frosts of some seventy winters had not robbed of their fire. He was plainly but handsomely dressed in blue coat and pantaloons of very fine cloth, and apparently new, and wore upon one finger of each of his small white hands, an antique ring set with a jewel of price. His expression was grave and sad, and before he sat down he crossed himself with an air of the deepest devotion. He was accompanied by a lad, or rather young man, of about seventeen, remarkably handsome, with large hazel eyes, and a beautiful shaped head, covered with masses of dark curling hair, with whose tangles the fingers of beauty might love to play. His deportment toward his aged companion was full of a charming reverence softened down by affection, and the eyes of the old man often rested upon his bright, blooming face, with a look of the tenderest love, slightly tempered with sorrow. They conversed together in French, but, like the veteran who preceded them, gave their commands to Beppo in good Italian, strongly marked with the sharp French accent. They asked for a *potage a la julienne*, an *omelette aux fines herbes*, and a bottle of sparkling champagne, which they drank diluted with water.

The next was a younger man, of perhaps thirty or thirty-five. His complexion was very dark, his hair cut short, and black as the blackest of jet, his lips thick and prominent, his nose flat and unmeaning, his figure inclining to corpulence, and his expression vulgar, coarse, and even ferocious. His beauty was not improved, withal, by a huge pair of mustaches. He was rather foppishly dressed in a purple frock-coat, red waistcoat, and blue pantaloons, with a broad red stripe down the sides. His fingers were covered with rings, a heavy gold chain encircled his neck, descending into his left waistcoat pocket, and his heels were adorned with a pair of exceedingly long gold or gilt spurs, that jangled against the floor and each other at every step. He demanded an *olla podrida*, well seasoned with garlic, and two bottles of wine—one of port and the other of sherry.

After him came a stout, rather good-looking man, of fifty, or thereabout, with a bald head, a short, black, curling beard, a merry black eye, and a clear olive complexion. He wore a frock-coat of the latest Parisian cut, a shawl-pattern waistcoat, red slippers, and trowsers of very unusual amplitude. A diamond of great value sparkled upon the hilt of a dagger that might be seen projecting conveniently from his breast, and a large and very beautiful dog, of the Newfoundland breed, followed him into the dining-room, where he took his place, like a well-bred beast, under the table. This personage bowed slightly and smiled as he entered, took his seat with an indolent good-humored look of supreme nonchalance, and called for a dish of boiled macaroni, a carafe of lemonade, and a finger-glass half full of rose water, with which he refreshed and perfumed his hands before he began eating.

Then followed a man of about thirty, with a broad German face, heavy blue eyes, and red hair, cropped close to his head. He was tall and stout, but awkward in figure and movement. His clothes were ill-made, but of the finest quality; and his boots were covered with mud, that had been on them long enough to become perfectly dry; a long meerschaum pipe was in his right hand, and the moment he sat down, he placed a large gold snuff-box upon the table before him, just at the side of his plate. He called for a German sausage, some boiled fish, a stewed rabbit, plenty of bread, and a bottle of first rate Geneva. His Italian was scant, and most inharmoniously qualified with a plentiful sprinkling of deep German gutturals.

Six gentlemen were now taking their dinner under the roof of the rejoicing Beppo Antonio; and although he would have been glad to administer to the appetites of three times as many, still it was very much better than having his eatables left on his hands, unconsumed and unpaid for. 'One more for good luck,' muttered Beppo, 'and I'll lay out a couple of *crazzie* in oil for the lamp of my patron St Joseph, over the way; one more for good luck and the odd number.'

His petition was heard; one more just at this moment entered the room, and, taking his seat, called for a glass of iced-water, a bowl of pea-soup *a la puree pommes de terre au maitre d'hotel*, and a large dish of *beignets de pommes*, or, as we should call them in English, plain-apple-fritters, which, be it observed, they cook in Rome to perfection. He was a young man of fair complexion, well dressed, but with nothing remarkable in his appearance, and was at once set down by the landlord, as well as the other guests, for an Englishman on his travels. His method of speaking Italian went far to confirm this suspicion.

During the few minutes that elapsed between the issuing of his directions and their fulfilment, the new comer had glanced over the persons of all his companions in eating, and smiled at the chance that had brought together men of so many different nations as he supposed them to represent. The veteran he set down as a Prussian; the old man and the youth as natives of France; the man with the mustaches and red waistcoat as a Spaniard or Portuguese; him with the beard and bald head as a Maltese Jew; and the drinker of gin as a Swiss or German. He was proceeding to speculate on their several occupations, when his reverie was cut short by the entrance of four waiters, each bringing one of the four objects, the which together made up his dinner.

The important business of eating proceeded for some time in grave and respectful silence, and at length was completed. Beppo was busy in one corner of the room at his little desk, making out the respective accounts, and the seven strangers were meditating, probable where they should go or what they should do next, when a ponderous carriage stopped at the door, drawn by four handsome fat horses, with coachman and footmen all in the pope's gorgeous livery. Beppo rushed like a madman from the room to ascertain the meaning of this phenomenon, and in a few moments returned, walking backward and bowing at every step to the ground, before an officer of the papal court, evidently of high rank, if one might judge from the splendor of his dress and decorations. The massive gold chain around his neck, to which was suspended a large golden key, and the white wand in his hand, proclaimed him at once to those familiar with Roman dignities, no less a personage than the chamberlain of the pontifical household.

The moment he entered the room, his velvet cap was removed from his head, and advancing with three low bows to the elderly Frenchman, he placed before him a letter bearing a broad purple seal, which he drew from a magnificent box of crystal, inlaid with gold, and blazing with jewels. The stranger perused it, and then gave it into the hand of his youthful companion, who did the same. A few words in French were exchanged between them, and then the elder, addressing the papal officer, said, in Italian:

'Be pleased to convey our acknowledgments to his holiness, and say that we have visited Rome without any public object, and that our wish is to avoid observation. Nevertheless, we duly appreciate the attention of his holiness, and will gladly avail ourselves of his kindness, we will, in person, express our thanks more at large for his courtesy.'

With another profound bow the chamberlain received this brief and ceremonious communication, and only replied by saying:

'The carriage will attend your majesty's pleasure.'

He then gathered up his robes and backed himself out of their presence, preceded by Beppo, who started like a conjurer, and bowed lower than ever.

The eyes of all the other five strangers were now fixed on the old Frenchman and his companion, and all were smiling except the water drinking supposed Englishman. His gaze was earnest and curious, but very respectful. The silence that ensued was broken, after the lapse of a few minutes, by the bald-headed man with the beard and the red slipper, who rose from his seat, and waddling across the room, followed by his dog, planted himself in front of the old man so strangely addressed with the title of monarchs, and said, with a queer twinkle of his laughing black eyes:

'By the tail of the holy camels! by the golden shoes of the prophet's mule! Here is a friend of mine come to light! Inshallah! what dirt is this? You are a king then; a king of France I suppose; a right royal infidel! I should be glad to know, if your majesty pleases, what you have done with my little kingdom, and why you took it away from me? By the soul of my father, but this is good; here is a man that has robbed me of my crown, and yet couldn't take care of his own!'

'*Your* kingdom! *your* crown!' said the personage thus addressed, with a look of the most unbounded surprise.

'Yes, my kingdom, my crown!' repeated the fat man with the beard; 'I had a kingdom once, as well as yourself; and six dozen wives besides. Now I have only nine. I could'nt afford to maintain them all—and the insolent people at Naples wouldn't allow me to tie them up, each in a sack, and throw them into the bay—so they all went off and got married. I am, or rather I was, the Dey of Algiers, at your service.'

'My good friend,' answered the French deposed monarch, 'you shouldn't blame me. I knew nothing about it. Prince Polignac managed that matter entirely. I had my hands full in taking care of my soul.'

'Oh well, it's no matter now. We won't quarrel about it, since you are as badly off as myself, thanks be to Allah!'

'Very true,' answered Charles; 'it certainly is not worth while to quarrel about it now. But I hope you are comfortable in other respects. Allow me to introduce my young grandson, Henry the Fifth.'

The Dion donne bowed gracefully, and the Dey, shaking him heartily by the hand, wished he might live for the next thousand years. Then drawing a chair and seating himself between them, he turned to the royal Charles, and continued:

'Comfortable! Oh yes, by the blessings of Allah, I do very well, all things considered. I have my nine wives still, a good appetite, and some diamonds left. The eating is very fine here in Rome, and also at Naples; and I am delighted with Punch in the puppet-show.'

At this juncture the man with the mustaches stepped up to the trio, and offering his hand with a grin to the ex-monarch of France, grumbled out, in very bad French:

'Odd enough, royal brother of France, that here should be four sovereigns without crowns or subjects, meeting by chance at an eating-house. I was a king too, in my day. You did'nt acknowledge my right, I believe; but if it had not been for these rascally Englishmen, I should still sit on the throne of Portugal.'

'Don Miguel!' exclaimed the tenth Charles; 'My dear young friend, I'm happy to make your acquaintance. This is a very unlooked for pleasure. Dey, be friends with my royal cousin, the ex-king of Portugal.'

The Dey shook hands with the Don, who also seated himself at the other side of the table. Charles called for three more bottles of champagne, and Miguel produced a roll of delicate little segars, which, he affirmed, were made purposely for his own use, of the very best Cuba tobacco. He offered them round to his companions, but they were all too well-bred to smoke in a public dining-room; so the Don put them in his pocket again, with a sheepish look, like a man caught in a breach of good manners.

In the mean time the remaining three parties present at this somewhat remarkable meeting, having finished their meal, were diversely occupied. The water-drinkers was evidently engrossed with what was passing before him; the casual meeting of four deposed kings, was for him a most pregnant subject for study and speculation. He sipped his iced-water, and pretended to look over a memorandum book, which he had drawn from his pocket, but his ears were attentive to what took place at the other side of the room, and his eyes often wandered furtively in the same direction. The German took huge pinches of Strasburg, hummed snatches of airs from the Freyschutz, and mixed glass after glass of strong gin and water and sugar. The old soldier rested his head on his hand, the elbow propped on the table, and seemed lost in thought of no very cheerful description.

The conversation between the four grew lively and mirthful. Charles relaxed from his habitual sadness, and now and then perpetrated a joke at the expense of his lucky successor and cousin, Louis Philippe.—Henry gave full way to the natural cheerfulness of his age and temperament. Don Miguel laughed like a clown at a fair, and the Mussulman told some very queer stories with a delightful gravity. The champagne was renewed, and the whole party were fast advancing to a state of excellent good humor with the world, themselves, and each other.

But all this seemed to affect the German very annoyingly. He grew more and more fidgety, plunged his fingers into his snuff-box every half minute, scampered about with his meerschaum, and put less and less water to his gin, at each replenishment of his tumbler. It was evident from his wishful looks that he was dying to join the merry and royal party. At length, with a doubtful look, half foolishness and half fun, he rose from his seat, and gravely advancing to the four ex-monarchs, bluntly asked leave to make one at their sederunt. His reception was characteristic.

The elder Bourbon drew himself up with a look of hauteur; Henry started up with a flushed cheek, and an expression of countenance that intimated a disposition to kick the intruder out of the room; Miguel scowled, and poured out for himself another glass of champagne; and the Mussulman, whose perceptions were now somewhat affected by his potations, stroked his black beard, and with a suspicious twinkle of his still blacker eyes, gave voice to his cogitations:

'By the tail of the prophet's mule, illustrious stranger—hem—you're a very respectable person, no doubt—hiccup—but you see, friend, such tipple as this—(Allah forgive me if it's wine!) is fit only for kings—hiccup—and deys—and sultans—you understand; and although you're a very respectable person, as I said before—hiccup—and ex-ellent company for your equals, excuse me for saying—hiccup—that you had better stick to your own drink, whatever it is—hiccup—and leave us to ourselves, you know—hiccup. Another glass, most royal of infidels, and I'll drink with you, in the name of the prophet, although you did steal my crown, and drive me out of my kingdom.'

The latter branch of this sage discourse was addressed to the ex-king of France, between whom and the merry Mahometan there seemed to be an excellent good understanding, despite of bigotry on the one side, and the remembrance of injury on the other. The reply of the gin-drinking gentleman soon put a new face on the whole matter:

'Yah, yah, my good friend; what you say is quite right, strafe mich Gott. Der champagne is only fit for kings, and if I were no more than a beggarly merchant or mister, or even one of the barons or counts that swarm all over this pitiful country, I should think shame to intrude on your good company. But I am a sovereign too, or at least I was, not long ago; before my rebellious subjects, der hagel confound them, got up and burnt my palace about my ears, and drove me out of my dominions. Six months ago I was Duke Charles of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

The four boon companions at this announcement shook hands with the duke, and made room for him at their table; and Henry the Fifth of France rang the bell, and ordered another glass and another flask of champagne.

As the wine circulated the five deposed sovereigns grew more and more jovial. Duke Charles volunteered a German song with a droll chorus, at which the dey laughed himself almost into convulsions, although not understanding a word of it. Young Henry, pleased at seeing his grandfather so much beguiled of his melancholy, exerted himself to increase the pleasure and harmony of the meeting, with excellent taste and success. His look was gay and sparkling, and his demeanor a graceful compound of ease, elegance, and active politeness, beautifully tempered with the modesty becoming his age, and the respect due to his elder brethren in misfortune. Don Miguel grinned and said nothing, but drank like a fish; and as to the poor dey, the unaccustomed liquor was making fast inroads upon his powers, mental and bodily.

At length, when the song was finished, the younger Bourbon, after exchanging a few words in a low voice with his grandfather, rose from his chair, and crossing over to where the veteran still sat absorbed in reflection, addressed him in French, and to this purport:

'Mon camrade—for I too am a soldier, though a young and untried one—will you not do us the favor to join our party, and help us to empty a bottle of this very excellent wine? You have heard our conversation, no doubt, and learned that we are all princes in exile and misfortune. An old soldier is worthy to be the companion of kings upon whom no cloud has fallen, and our misfortunes have not made us proud. Will you not join our company?'

The veteran had raised his face and fastened his eyes on the blooming and ingenuous countenance of the speaker; he now rose to his feet, and placing his hand with a solemn and touching dignity upon the young man's head, exclaimed with deep emotion:

'My son, the blessing of an old man, full of years and sorrows, be upon you. I will gladly and gratefully accept your invitation. The voice of kindness is not so familiar to my heart as to make it unwelcome, even from a stranger. The old soldier thanks and blesses you.—But before I take my seat among your friends, know that their misfortunes and your own are as nothing compared with mine. They have fallen from no greater height, and to no such depth of poverty and wretchedness as an unkind fate has singled out for me. Return to your friends, and say to them that the exiled and lonely Colonel Gustafo is happy to forget his sorrows for a time in their good company.'

At that name all rose to their feet, except the dey, who was now scarcely able to sit upright. The sad and stately Charles, the half-witted Brunswick, and even the brutal Miguel, paid willing homage to the sorrows of one not less exalted in birthright than themselves: and deep was the respect with which they received and welcomed the poor, deposed, and time-worn king, Gustavus of Sweden.

It seemed that another errand of politeness and benevolence, not unmingled, perhaps, with curiosity, now presented itself to the mind of the young Bourbon. The water-drinker was now the only solitary stranger in the room, and he had risen to depart, moved, it is not to be doubted, by a feeling of respectful delicacy, to which none but a brute could be insensible, in the presence of one so hallowed by misfortune as the uncrowned monarch who once had sat upon the throne of Gustavus Vasa.—Already, perhaps, had curiosity and wonder betrayed the stranger into what might be regarded as a violation of good-breeding, although certainly a king has no more right in a public-house than any other man who pays for what he has, and makes no disturbance. It would have been more generous, if not more courteous, to leave the royal party to themselves at an earlier moment; the singularity of these successive disclosures had kept him a listener and spectator; but now he felt that it would be uncivil and unmanly longer to remain a spy upon their conviviality. Such at least may be supposed to have been his sentiments, for he arose and drew on his gloves; but the young heir of France had already determined upon his line of conduct. Advancing to the stranger, and addressing him in very correct, and, for a Frenchman, well spoken English, with a good humored smile playing upon his lips and beaming in his eyes, he once more adventured to become the ambassador of his royal friends:

'It is not,' he said, 'presuming too much, I trust, upon the strangeness of this encounter, to which you, sir, have been a witness, to ask you the favor of becoming also a party. It will afford great pleasure to my grandfather and myself, and I am confident in making the same assurance in the name of these other unfortunate personages, with whose history your are, no doubt, acquainted.'

The stranger rose and bowed. 'I feel honored by this invitation,' he replied, 'and render grateful acknowledgments for your attention. A request so courteously proffered could not be denied, even without regard to the high gratification I must feel in joining so excellent and illustrious a company.

'May I ask the additional favor of being permitted to introduce you to my friends?' returned the Bourbon. 'Perhaps,' he added, with a smile, 'it is my good fortune to address another dethroned king or sovereign prince.'

'Not so,' answered the stranger. 'Mine is no such distinguished name. I am a simple citizen of the United States, where none is higher or lower than his neighbor.'

'And as such most heartily welcome,' said the young ex-monarch. 'Our party is now singularly complete.—Six sovereigns and a republican, who owes allegiance to no power save the law. And now,' he continued, speaking in Italian, 'permit me to present you to my grandfather.'

The American placed in the hand of the young king a card, and was introduced to the royal party by name and title, 'Mr. ———, citizen of the United States.'

'President at some future day, perhaps,' added Henry, with a smile and bow.

'Or, it may be, king,' answered his grandfather. 'It would not be more strange than what has befallen us here to-day.'

HARD CURRENCY. An exchange says that 'Money is so *hard* in Bangor, the hogs cannot grow fat.'

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

[illegible] Mayor and Aldermen, [illegible]

Memorial of the [illegible] Company stating that said company is ready to pay to the City [illegible] and take a deed for the City's right in said ferry, [illegible] to the terms of the [illegible] made by said Company and the City, in the year [illegible]

Communication from John D. Williams, offering to the City a piece of land thirty-four feet wide, and extending 365 from Ann to Fulton streets, for the purpose of a public street and highway, and also relinquishing to the city a piece of land taken from him to widen Ann street, between said new street and Blackstone street. Therefore a resolve passed to lay out said new street, and the subject of a name for the same was referred to a committee.

The Superintendent of Public Lands quarterly report of sales amounting to $60,732 34.

Resolve to continue Fulton street was laid on the table.

Orders passed to lay a plank sidewalk in Causeway street and to light lamps in Louisburg square.

An order passed, authorising the Mayor to give deeds of tombs recently made in the burial place in the Common, and were about to be erected to such persons as may surrender to the city the tombs contemplated to be removed, for the purpose of carrying into execution the projected improvement of the Common and walls in the vicinity of said burial ground.

WINTER.—We observe that many of our cotemporaries are interested in the fate of the poor, before whom lies a long and dreary winter. We would not be behindhand with our neighbors in this respect—and we rejoice that our editorial brethren have evinced so much regard for those who are destitute, and, in a manner, dependent on the bounty of the rich. Perhaps we are wrong in thus laying the matter before Bostonians. They are not wont to be tardy in deeds of benevolence—but the case is now somewhat peculiar. The high price of every description of food, and last, not least, of fuel, must render the condition of those who have successfully breasted many a dreary winter at best precarious. Let us then open our hearts, and dispense of our abundance more than usual. Let us remember that while parents may sometimes bring their sufferings on themselves by improvidence and intemperance, their innocent offspring should not be made to share in the punishment. Let the hungry and shivering child be visited—let its cold limbs be guarded from the elements, and its wan cheek be lighted by the fostering hand of benevolence. Let not the tender limbs of infancy be exposed, nor its feeble wail for food be unheard—for Christ has said, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

WRITING.—Mr B. Whitney having recovered from his indisposition, will be happy to wait on those who may desire to acquire a fine hand writing at his room, No. 29, Joy' Building. Mr. W. is favourably known to a great many of our citizens as a youthful member of society, and a proficient in the art which he professes to teach. He has not in his method of teaching, any knavery, nor does he deceive by false pretensions. He teaches upon system. He divides the motions in writing into three kinds, the whole arm movement, the fore arm movement, and the movement of the fingers.—We have listened with great pleasure to Mr Whitney's explanation of his system, and are satisfied of its utility. He is a most superior writer himself. He does not confine himself to any number of hours, but for a certain sum he teaches any one *until he becomes a good writer*.

FIRING INTO A FLOCK. A shoemaker in Bangor by the name of McCarthy fired into a gang of boys who were making merry with his sign; and wounded one of them severely in the knee with a shot. The shoemaker has fled. Let this be a caution to rude and impudent boys, who molest industrious workmen while laboring at their avocation. The unhappy man was probably driven to desperation, or he would not have committed the crime.

TAILORS. Some knight of the shears has thrown back our sarcasm on tailors in the following communicated conundrums—

Why are Tailors' profits like treasure laid up in Heaven?

Ans—Because they are never found on Earth.

Why is a tailor called the ninth part of a man?

Ans—Because 'money makes the man,' and tailors never get more than the ninth part of their just dues.

John D Williams has liberally offered his land for a street, and the city authorities have agreed to lay it out. A wag asks, Why it would not be appropriate to call it *John D. street*.—*Herald*.

Because the name is liable to corruption, and would be converted into *Jaundice street*.—*Trans.*

We thought we made a good hit in the above paragraph, but neighbor Walter has the best of it. We give it up.

During the siege of Boston in '75, a general order was given, as found among the records of that day, requiring the different bodies of troops, in case they should be obliged to separate by reason of an attack of the British, to rally at 'Wales' Hill.' Will some aged gentleman be kind enough to inform the Editor of the Herald what hill about Boston was at that time called *Wales' Hill*? It must have been on the southwest, or it could not have been a central point for the centre and right wing of the army.

The notorious Walton relates the following anecdote of himself. 'I stole some jewelry, and sold it to one Braynard, a broker, who gave me two five dollars in payment. I soon offered them for articles purchased, and was told they were counterfeit. I immediately went back to Braynard and made known the fact, who declared he never had such bills, and said he could tell they were counterfeit as far as he could see them, and refused to exchange them. I said very well, and left him. The next night but one I opened his office and took property enough to pay me and balance the account.'

ALBANY ROBBERY. A boy went into the watchmaker's shop of Alexander McHargh in Albany, while the proprietor had gone to supper, and snatched several watches with which he made his escape. One of the stolen watches was valued at $100 to 120. The property is *safely gone*, and suspicion rests on a Canadian who was seen lurking about the premises.

ARTISTS' GALLERY. We have not yet had time to visit this establishment, but observe that it is well spoken of by one of the city papers. The selection is said to be 'well arranged, and admirably calculated to suit the taste of every visitor.

A COOL PROMENADE. An Englishman of Jersey has invented a dress which enabled him to live under the water of St. Clement's Bay more than an hour. During which time, he *walked more than a mile* in search of some iron ballast that had been lost there. His walk would have been very pleasant, had he not experienced a spell of very wet weather on his jaunt.

FLOWERS.—The terrestial stars that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven: the poetry of the Creator, written in beauty and fragrance. 'He who does not love flowers,' says Ludwig Tieg, a German writer, 'has lost all fear and love of God.' Another German author defines woman as something between a flower and an angel.

The TOM THUMB Steamer has been lost on Boon Island, and yet we hear no joy expressed at her loss, nor do we hear that it was considered an imposition to run her. The Independence, now, a baby to the TomThumb when ages are compared, was a dreadful affair—for she plied to Bangor.

You lively sparkling damsel with the black eyes must not suppose that her lover is haughty and distant because he does not do the amiable to her. He is too deeply enamored to foam and froth like a pretender, and the strength of his love is the cause of his silence and reserve.

Gen. Heath, in his memoirs, states the important fact that 'the British, from their entrenchment on the Neck, threw a shell into Roxbury, which injured two muskets in a peculiar manner.' What a valuable historical fact.

SUICIDE. Mr Richard Pennell, an old and highly respected citizen of New York, hewed his way to eternity with a razor, on Tuesday afternoon. The event has produced a melancholy sensation in a large circle of friends.

WATER! WATER! Where is our fresh water? Can't the government be waked up to do anything? Perhaps they have some measures in view to obtain the great desideratum. If so let the PEOPLE know of it—for now they murmur in all quarters.

An old lady in Roxbury complained bitterly, that all the wells were so low, that they could get no water—another made answer that *if they were still lower there would be water enough*.

The Devil—we mean Signor Blitz—is hanging out at the Artist's Gallery. They say he conjures up more horrors than all contained in Der Freischutz.

A new piece is in preparation at the National, written by Mr J. S. Jones, in which COMUS WILLS takes a prominent part.

The Northampton Courier is a spirited and interesting paper. We like him because he has never blackguarded us—although we suppose that one reason is, he *dasn't*.

The Dedham Patriot and Canton Gazette has a vignette on its head, representing the Dedham Court House, a factory, and the Canton Viaduct.

VERY GOOD. The following printed note was left at our counting room. Probably intended for those to whom it may concern.

WANTED! Three or four EDITORS to join Engine Company, No 15, to puff up the Engine and Company. Apply at the Engine House. Terms liberal.

The Transcript says 'the snow fell merrily' on Thursday. The way folks scowled with their umbrellas and wet feet, was anything *but* merry though.

A LA MODE, ETC, at the Albion now. *Rouillard* of the the old Julien is Captain of the Kitchen there.

So GARCIA is dead—and a songstress has departed.—Garcia was said to be unrivalled as a singer.

☞The New York Sun is trying to exhale strong beer.

MARIA MONK. We have received one or two [illegible] [illegible] of our cotemporaries [illegible] [illegible] Catholicism. We do not [illegible] [illegible] any [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] a tool [illegible] prejudices of those who read our paper. We [illegible] [illegible] in our columns—which [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] article—and we had rather lose every reader than that it should be in the power of any man to [illegible] of time-serving for patronage. Now to the point. We have, as any reflecting man will acknowledge, been as free from any undue prejudices, and therefore spoken with as much truth upon emigration, which in some measure involves the question of Religion, and upon Catholicism, as any print in the country. We know that convents have frequently been only institutions to foster the foulest vice—and from the manner in which they are conducted might again become so—therefore we are decidedly opposed to them. But the Convent on Mount Benedict we hold to have been destroyed uselessly, lawlessly, and criminally. No such deeds as the inmates were accused of committing could, under the circumstances, have happened—and if we are to take the law into our own hands, there is an end of any other law. Still the destruction of the building was the effect of an excitement arising from the best of feelings and from a belief of wrong. This misdirection of sympathy for those supposed to be injured excuses the actors in the fearful drama in some measure, but not altogether. We therefore condemn the act; for this alone, not that we would desire the convent to remain—for the very name with its associations is detestable.

With the same honesty we have opposed the influx of the Irish, and consequently are not in the best odor with some of them; yet feeling that we trod on sure ground, we cared not for the effect of our remarks. Then comes Maria Monk—we did not at first speak openly our sentiments—indeed we would not form an opinion until circumstances should test her truth. We did not like her story, for we have a hatred of every one who is willing to impose on the prejudices of the community. So matters went on—her book was published, accusing the nuns and monks of Montreal of the most diabolical deeds—and as it seems numbers even in Boston, and we are sorry for it, believed her. To test her truth, Col. Stone, the editor of the New York Advertiser, *went entirely over the Convent*, examined every thing, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that she had been an imposter and liar, then had an interview with her and condemned her by her own words—and now shall we still withhold our opinion of her knavery? Shall we not, without being accused of leaning to Catholicism, tell men that they have been cheated? We dislike Catholicism, but we hate rascality in the same degree. No—no—we are right—and whoever had rather have his prejudices nursed than the truth told him, is not the man to be a reader of the HERALD.

WIVES. In an article entitled 'Old English Prose Writers,' by Walter W. Walcott—in the Maine Monthly, which, by the by, we have received, or we should not be able to quote from it—we find remarks on the works of Thomas Fuller. Mr Wolcott says, 'He inculcates submission and obedience (in wives) very strongly—a very unpopular doctrine with the ladies.' The following is from Fuller's Holy and Profane States:

'She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him as to acquit herself. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought when hot; and far more tractable in cold blood.—It is an observation of seamen, that if a single meteor or fireball falls on the mast, it portends ill-luck; but if two come together (which they count Castor and Pollux), they presage good success; but surely in a family, it bodeth most bad, when the fireballs, (husband's and wife's anger) come both together.'

This article of Mr Wolcott's is very interesting, and introduces to notice a kind of writing far preferable to some of the watery and foppish *gentilities* of the present day—whose binding is their principal recommendation.

We are glad to perceive that the article is headed 'Number one,' which gives us hope that we shall hear again from the same writer, and more at length. It was said by Blair that taste always accompanied genius—and we doubt not that Mr Wolcott is fully competent to give the public something rare of his own. He is a rare addition to the Maine Monthly, and Friend Gilman would do well to secure his permanent assistance.

LIFE PRESERVERS. The Post comes out with a good article on life-preservers—and instances the late tragical case of the burning of the Royal Tar, where a supply of these articles would have preserved many lives. We hope the subject will be immediately attended to, for steamboat accidents have become so frequent, that it is a sort of half-suicide now-a-days to go on board of one of them without being prepared for *swimming*. There are various kinds of life-preservers used at sea. On board of ships of war, there are two kegs fastened together with frame work continually hanging over the stern—and a man, with a knife in his hand, is stationed at it night and day—ready to cut away at a moment's warning. When the cry of 'Man overboard!' is raised, the person stationed at the life-buoy has but to give one cut with his knife, and the buoyant fabric drops incontinently into the water. A larger apparatus might be used by steamboats. At any rate, the India Rubber life-preservers should never be forgotten by captains or passengers. All along our coast, there are generally many vessels of various sizes passing to and fro, so that the chance of being picked up in a few hours is always great—to say nothing of the spectacle of a burning steamboat, which must, of course, attract the notice of vessels at some distance. If then the passengers are enabled to keep on the surface awhile, in every case, probably, they would be saved. It is a matter of duty to steamboat companies to see this arrangement carried into effect—and we are glad to say that the Bangor and Portland steamboats have never been without these necessary aids for saving human life.

LATER FROM ENGLAND. The ship Rubicon, Capt Rogers, arrived here on Wednesday from Liverpool, having sailed Sept 26. Liverpool and London papers of the latest dates have been received. They contain very little news. The accounts from Madrid are to the 15th. They give some details of the organization of the Ministry, most of which have been already received by way of Lisbon. There is no news of military events from Spain.

The Empress of Austria was crowned at Prague as Queen of Bohemia, on the 19th.

The proposed marriage between Duke William of Brunswick, and the Princess Maria of Wurtemburgh, has been broken off.

The proposed marriage between King Otho of Greece, and Princess Amelia of Oldenburgh, is officially announced at Munich.

The Morning Chronicle maintains that the late revolutions which have taken place in Spain and Portugal have not effected any change in the relations between those countries and Great Britain.

Leopold, King of Belgium, has been on a visit to England.

The proceeds of the Manchester Festival amounted to £17,005, of which sum £15,500 were received for tickets, £676 for donations, £561 for exhibition of the rooms to the public after the festival, and £268 for sundries.—The number of persons who were present at the Fancy ball was 3966.

Mr Green made another ascent on the 21st, in his colossal balloon, with eleven companions. They descended safely in Kent, having traversed only about twelve miles in an hour and a quarter. They were becalmed for a quarter of an hour, at an elevation of three quarters of a mile. They did not reach a greater height than a mile and a half, and the proceedings upon the earth were during their whole voyage distinctly visible. They drank three bottles of wine during the trip.

General Bernard has been appointed French Minister of War.

The average liabilities and assets of the Bank of England for the quarter ending Sept 20, were circulation, £18,147,000; deposites, £15,118,000; securities, £28,406,000; bullion, 5,719,000.

Madame Malibran de Beriot, the celebrated vocalist, died at Manchester on the night of Sept 23, after an illness of nine days continuance. She was 28 years of age.

MEDICAL ITEMS. Not long ago a lady went through the severe operation, in this city, of having the fore part or arch of the under jaw taken out, having upon it all the front under teeth. She is now quite well, and the face is not materially changed.

The newly arranged Anatomical Museum at the Medical College, Mason street, is not surpassed, it is believed, in this country.

A Frenchman at the Zoological gardens, resisted the strength of two horses, the other day, drawing with all their force to drag him from the platform.

Good accommodations have been made for invalids, at Matanzas, a want of which for past years has been a serious objection to visiting that delightful place.

Dentistry has become so exceedingly profitable that many physicians are going into the business, to the total abandonment of medical practice, on which some have hoped for success till they were nearly starved.

The taliacotian operation for a new nose has been very successfully performed in Boston within a few weeks.

It has been ascertained that wounds have always healed more rapidly in a temperature above 85 Fahr without dressing, than with or without dressing in a lower temperature.—*Transcript.*

The Portuguese slave brig Foriex arrived at Halifax on the 20th, from Granada, prize to the British ship Vestal.—She had on board when taken 484 slaves. The Vestal had previously captured two other slave vessels, with 680 slaves. The Foriex sailed again on the 22d for the West Indies.

At Cunovas, in Dalmatia, there is now living, a shepherd 116 years old, with a son in his 70th year. His memory is fresh, and his sight excellent; he has only lost two teeth; and still leads his flock every day to their pasture.

ORDER! ORDER! Mr N. Y. Transcript, your 'receipt for dying black' has not sufficient wit to excuse its horrible allusions.

SMALL BUSINESS—Paring a musquito's toe-nails.

POLICE COURT.

[illegible] TIME. Jonas Goodenough, a blacksmith by [illegible] and [illegible] a whaling voyage, was so unfortunate [illegible] a watch hanging up to a spile on the wharf. Now [illegible] the habit of seeing a fish worth two or [illegible] the barge, and fair spoil to [illegible] The watch seemed to be in [illegible] There was no owner to claim it, [illegible] But instead of trying to discover who was the owner, he considered it the best policy to father it himself. He accordingly trooped off to a cellar kept by James Douglas, and offered it to him for sale, having previously refused $1 for it on the wharf.—Douglas gave him seven dollars for it, which the prisoner pocketed, and departed. Now it so happened that Joseph Morse had left the watch on the wharf, hanging to a spile, and when he returned in hopes of finding it, the sound of its ticking was fled. By the assistance of a constable, he traced the stolen property to Douglas's cellar, where the watch was found, minus seals, keys, and other appurtenances. Douglas immediately gave up the watch. When the prisoner was taken, he confessed that he had taken the watch from the spile, and after refusing one dollar for it on the wharf, sold it to Douglas. Douglas stated on the trial that he bought the watch on the evening of 25th October; but the owner stated that he lost it on Wednesday, which seemed to render it a matter of doubt whether the watch was the one belonging to Morse. His honor said that nothing was more common than for men to make a mistake in dates—but that the watch was sworn to, and must be the one mentioned in the complaint—this the prisoner's confession also went to substantiate. His honor said that any man might, on finding a watch under such circumstances, take it for the purpose of delivering it to the owner, and for fear that somebody would steal it; but that Prisoner had appropriated it to his own use, sold it and kept the money. Defendant was searched in Court by Mr Reed, who found $1,50 about him, which was immediately handed over to Douglas. Defendant was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to three months in the House of Correction. Let *finders* take warning from this case.

HANNAH SULLIVAN was brought up as a common drunkard. She stated that she only took spirit as a medicine. One witness, who had known her two years, said he had never seen her sober—that she was very abusive when drunk. Hereupon the defendant called up her witness—a woman whose appearance was so unprepossessing that the Judge told her she was full of rum herself, and that she had better keep away from the Police Court, or she would get into the House of Correction herself. She contradicted herself in her testimony, and was ordered to get about her business. She retired, but kept up a retreating fire at the Judge, until Reed ordered her to be silent, when she replied, 'Who do you think cares for you?' and darted through the door. The prisoner was sentenced to three months in the House of Correction, when her little daughter, who until now appeared easy, wept aloud and clung to her mother—but they were torn apart, and the little innocent was given in charge to the other woman, who was still in the entry. Thus does the wickedness of the parent bring sorrow upon the unoffending child.

MARY SMITH was a common drunkard and night-walker. She stated that she was a stranger here, and in search of her husband. Witness said she had told the same story for a year or two—*ergo*, it must be true; and reminds us of a single lady who stated her age to be 25. 'I believe it,' said a gentleman present, 'for she has told the same thing these ten years past, without deviation.' She was sent three months to the House of Correction.

MORRIS DAILY, was in the *daily* habit of getting drunk, and abusing his family. Witnesses stated that he had turned his wife out of doors, beat her, and treated her scandalously. The wife was present, and begged permission to speak. She said her husband was not a common drunkard, although he sometimes took too much—that he brought her home from seven to eight dollars per week, and attended diligently to his business. She owned that he sometimes misused her, but made this confession unwillingly. Daily was sentenced to the House of Correction for *one month* only, for which lenity he may thank his wife, who plead hard for him.

Wednesday morning the trial of Sam'l Moore and his wife came on, for an assault and battery on Mrs Pike, a landlady in Cedar street. It appears that the parties had long maintained toward each other a hostile front, and the households of these contending parties had been pitted against each other like feudal baronies. Not long since, Mrs Pike was brought up by defendants and others before the Municipal Court, for keeping a house of bad character, and was acquitted. It is probable that the wound has since been cicatrized. On this occasion, the quarrel commenced when Mrs Pike and her inmates were moving. Mr and Mrs Moore showed much joy at getting rid of their neighbors, whereupon 'a short fat girl,' living with Mrs Pike, threw stones through the windows of Mr Moore's house, into his parlor. Mrs Moore, it was stated, subsequently 'shook and struck Tommy'—a little boy connected with Mrs Pike's establishment. But what principally provoked the House of Pike were certain banners of rejoicing hung out upon the outward wall of the Moore house, in rejoicing for the departure of the Pikes. There were pieces of carpet and a red table cloth. One of the carpets was stretched upon a stick, and lest its character should not be immediately known, the word flag was chalked upon it, spelled 'FLAGG.' Hereupon a girl belonging to the House of Pike ran and pulled down the flag, and conveyed it into Mrs Pike's house. It was a table cloth of some value. When Mrs Pike saw the captured standard brought into her house she cried, 'Throw it overboard,' and it was accordingly thrown into the dock. But Mrs Moore being unwilling to surrender the banner without a struggle, rushed to the house of Mrs Pike. The latter stood in the front of her castle, and the assailant was met with equal resolution. According to one witness, Mrs *Moore* was pushed and twice struck, but succeeded in making her way into the house. In the mean time, Mr Moore had heard what was going on and left his business to join in the fray. Witnesses said that he broke through the door with an axe or hatchet, and then assailed Mrs Pike, while his wife seized a broomstick, and fell to demolishing the crockery on two tables. Mrs Moore was deprived of her *wig* in the scuffle, and her husband lost his hat when they retreated.

One witness for defendants gave testimony not very favorable to the reputation of the complainant, and, indeed, it appeared sufficiently evident that language was used by the House of Pike which Chesterfield would have wholly disapproved. Of these things the counsel for defendants made the most. In short, no lady would have been flattered by the *gallant* compliments which he paid the lady complainant.

Mrs Cook, witness for the defendant, told a very straightforward story, and the counsel for the prosecution was baffled in his attempts to entangle her, by her ingeniousness. We were pleased with her manners and appearance. The Judge was happy in his remarks, and his mock-heroic description of the fray reminded us of the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice.' Defendants were bound over for their appearance at the Municipal Court.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF MAINE. Dr Charles T. Jackson has just returned to the city after three months labor in the Geological Survey of the State of Maine. He has collected a great number of interesting Geological facts, and an abundant supply of specimens of rocks and minerals.—The survey has extended from Thomaston to the St Croix, and up the St John, as far as the Madawaska river. An annual report will be soon presented to the Legislature of Maine, illustrated by a number of elegant drawings of Geological scenery, from the pencil of Mr F. Graeter, who has brought home a portfolio laden with sketches. The survey will probably require five or six years for its completion.—Dr Jackson was accompanied by Mr James T. Hodge, on the part of Massachusetts, and by Dr T. Farrington on the part of Maine. Mr Graeter accompanied him as draftsman. *Transcript.*

The New Era says—'We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on those that lie before.' It would be rather difficult to climb with our eyes on the hills behind, unless, like a bear, we went up tail foremost.

FATAL ASSAULT.—Capt. Green of the ship Jessup, from Liverpool, received a fatal blow from the steward while the vessel was sailing up the St. Lawrence. The captain died in about three hours.

William C. Bryant and William Leggett, Esqrs, have dissolved their connection, and Mr Leggett intends publishing a paper to be called 'The Plain Dealer.'

REBELLION OF THE PRESS. The printers in the office of the New York Express have struck, and all of them have quit work.

PLAGUES OF EGYPT. There are said to be about fifty lawyers in the city of Bangor. Money, is however, so scarce there, that the people cannot afford to quarrel.

GAMBLING IN CHINA. The last accounts from Canton represent gambling as being carried on to a great extent there.

SHOUTIANA. The Sun says that a child in France has been born with an elephant's proboscis instead of a nose.

The maid of Cashmere has been performed *twenty-three* times at the National Theatre in New York. Celeste and Miss Watson are in it.

FUDGE.—The New Era says that a young girl lately drowned herself in the Seine, poisoned by reading novels. Probably she was *moon-struck*.

RUTHLESS RUTH.—A girl named Ruth Carpenter attempted to destroy the signatures of a lease in New York. She has been committed to prison.

Our distinguished countryman, James Fennimore Cooper, arrived at the Astor House, New York, on Sunday last.

Dr Joseph Roby has been appointed Demonstrator at the Medical School of Harvard University.

DISASTROUS.—Nine French fishing smacks were wrecked lately on the coast of Ireland. 190 lives were lost!

KILNER—Old Tom, that sterling actor, has left the Tremont and retired to his farm on the Hudson.

ABUSE.—The abuse heaped upon this man and that man at the present day by many of the press, seemingly out of whole cloth, is to many a marvel. But to those who can understand the whole machinery by which many presses in this country are guided, it is only an evidence of the unfitness of those for editorial duties who will lend their names and pens without one drawback of self-honor, to their vile hatred and prejudices. We must truly say we are ashamed of many of our profession. They stick at nothing to gratify their own malignity,—they have no regard for another's feelings, for truth, for justice—but slander or malign as far as they think the public feeling will endure. Certain courtesies are extended to Editors by those who have exhibitions, &c., which are by many claimed as a right—and if this right is not conceded, those neglected are not satisfied with silence respecting the exhibition, but must pour forth a volume of abuse calculated to injure the prospects of the offending individual, often by the most unjust statements.—Many Editors buy their way in travelling by promising puffs for carriage, board, &c.—and some papers will be found filled with notices of hotels, steamboats, railroads, &c., which are the quid pro quo for something unpaid for. Let a hotel keeper or steamboat captain deny a day's lodging or a passage free, and what a torrent will deluge him! This has never been more manifest than in the manner in which the company owning the Bangor boats, the captains thereof, and the boats themselves have been abused. The company have paid the full price for advertising, and have refused editors a passage in their boats. What is the consequence? Many presses have sought every opportunity to open the port holes of invective against them—and those ignorant of this editorial duplicity, would be led to imagine that the captains of the Bangor boats were not gentlemanly and obliging men, and the boats as good as can be found any where in the country. We lately noticed an article in the Portland Argus respecting this matter, in which the former Jack Sprat of the Post says, 'Neither of the Capt. Howes' are fit for their offices.' Here is a wholesale assertion. We will only take the character of one of the Howes', (for he is the one whom we have now to do with,) and let it expose the audacity of his maligner. Capt. Jabez Howes of the steamer Portland, was formerly captain of one of the Liverpool Packets, where they require the most gentlemanly and skilful captains they can find; and our indignation was caught at the article, as it was the first time we had seen any thing in opposition to him. We felt desirous of tracing out the cause of this abuse. It seems that Jack Sprat went on board the Portland and told Capt. Howes that he was brother or cousin, we don't remember which, to one of the gentlemen of the press, and was about to be Editor of the Argus, and wanted to go free. 'No,' was the answer, 'I am not at liberty to pass any body free'—upon this Jack says he is unfit for his place!

So might we mention numerous instances of an exhibition of similar degrading propensities—but time will not allow us. We repeat it, there are many of our brethren of whom we are heartily ashamed.

A PROBLEM. Some English statesman lately bargained to return a friend to Parliament, receiving therefor a round sum. The gentleman lost his seat, and thereupon claimed that the money should be refunded. Now suppose a Boston Gentleman—our friend, R. L. Porter, for instance, it is mere supposition you know—should buy a nomination to the House of Representatives of a friend, and suppose, for the mere purpose of stating the question, that that friend should be the city printer. Suppose the consideration paid should be the privilege of printing the Lion bills, procured for said printer by the gentleman aforesaid. Suppose, even after his nomination, he should lose his election—how would the parties stand? Would E., following the English precedent, be expected to pay some other bonus, in lieu of that which the people would not be gulled into paying for him?

☞An article having been copied from the New York Sun into several of the Boston papers, relative to the manner in which Mr W. P. McKay, a watchmaker of this city obtained his child from his wife, (they live separately) Mr McKay has published a statement in the Advertiser which to our mind, exonerates him from all blame. Newspapers are often imposed upon by false statements, and it is impossible to guard against it in every case—but it is their duty to correct any wrong impressions, which they may have disseminated. We have known Mr McKay for some time, and consider him a peaceable and highly useful citizen.

OLD WOMANISH.—An account of the death of a man in Portland is going the rounds, which describes the deceased as having fallen instantly dead, while engaged in an angry altercation with his wife; and with all the parade of *special judgment* and *miraculous* interference of Providence, it is set before the eyes of the reader to make him stare and wonder. A sudden death is not a subject for such kind of speculation. The man was as liable to die had he been scolding any other person, or had he been pleading warmly in behalf of an innocent sufferer. Perhaps the excitement occasioned apoplexy or the rupture of a blood vessel. His wife had nothing to do with it; and we do not think editors are justified in thus exposing the private feuds between man and wife, even to build a marvelous story upon. The editor's wife must have penned the original article, for it is neither manly nor judicious.

MELANCHOLY.—Lieut. Col. Lane, the officer whose life was saved by a devoted regular who threw himself between the muzzle of an Indian's rifle and his commander, put an end to his life at Fort Drane, by placing the hilt of his sword on the ground and running the point through his eye into the brain. Col. Lane was a gallant young officer, and it is thought that the conduct of Gov. Call, who was displeased with his sudden promotion, drove him to the Roman remedy for a mind diseased.

Gov. Call has fallen back on Fort Drane with the loss of four or six hundred horses, and followed by the jeers of the savages.

PHILOSOPHY VS. MIRACLES.—The New York Sun states that a young lady, having received a violent blow on the forehead, was visited by apparitions; which was occasioned by a derangement of the functions. She was very much disturbed in her mind, but when made to understand the cause, her terrors vanished. May not the cases of ancient warriors who saw apparitions be accounted for on the same principle. The dry knocks which they received in battle might have produced the like effects.

HONEST INDEPENDENCE.—A man named John Evans, who was lately sentenced to the New York Penitentiary, escaped a few days ago. He was caught and given in charge to Captain Swain, but got away again, and ran across the Park. He was stopped while turning Barclay street. He is now in safe keeping. Probably this man possessed a degree of honest pride that rebelled at the idea of an eleemosynary support at the State's expense.

WHERE THE SPECIE IS.—The Detroit Free Press of the 18th ult. states that during the ten days in which the land office at Illinois was open, one hundred and fifty-six thousand three hundred and thirty-seven dollars were received; of which amount eighty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-six dollars were in gold and *silver*.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS.—To give a proper effect to full symphonies or overtures, it requires at least thirty violins, eight violas, eight violoncellos, six double bassos, two flutes, (or flute and piccolo) two oboes, two clarionets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, bass horn or serpent, a pair of kettle-drums, and sometimes a side drum and triangles, making a total of about seventy instruments.

FROM FLORIDA. The squaws captured by Gov Call in his late unsuccessful expedition to the overflooded Withlacoochee, are related to have said of the Seminoles, that their powder is nearly exhausted, and above all, that the two head chiefs, the most warlike, and the most hostile, next to Powell, the one of the Miscauskes, the other of the Long Swamp tribe, were killed by Major Pierce at Fort Drane.

THE STEAMER BANGOR has had an accident happen to her, so that she will be thrown out of her trips for a time. The Bangoreans will now have a chance to say that no boats are good enough for them that will ever meet with any accident. In a month or two they will have the pleasure of paying stage fare all the way to Boston to the amount of some twenty dollars!

We have read of the Turks getting flogged by proxy, and substitutes used in multifarious cases, but the Baltimore Commercial Transcript gives an account of a case of committing suicide by using a substitute. Gabriel Ravel, at the Theatre, shot himself into a thousand pieces by firing at a looking-glass which contained his image, large as life.

ROYALTY DIPPED IN BANGOR MUD.—Mr and Mr Hield, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, are now starring it in Bangor. We hope that stray pistareen will be caught by the time their benefit comes round.

Another section of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Rail Road, Va., is completed. Travellers now go in cars a distance of 46 miles from Richmond to Downer's bridge, leaving 16 miles of staging to Fredericksburg. The entire line will be finished by Christmas.

PLYMPTON'S NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, which has been pronounced so valuable and delightful, has been added to the Conflagration of Moscow at Congress Hall.—Dixon, having fallen out with the owner, has abused it as the Reformer, but his word avails nothing.

MORE STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS. The steamboat Revenue was run into by the New York on Mississippi River, 16th ult, and sunk with all her loading. The Atalanta was sunk near Godfrey's ferry on Cooper River. No lives were lost in either instance.

A BLACK AFFAIR.—Two young black men robbed another darkey named Drummond, in New York, of fifty dollars. They asked him to change half a dollar, and when he took out his money for the purpose, they snatched it away.

LIFTING AN OX.—A man named Carey stole a fat ox from a vessel lying at Whitehall, N. Y. He offered it for sale at a low price, which excited suspicion, and led to his arrest.

FIRE.—Six or eight buildings, including two job printing offices, were consumed by fire in Charleston.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVETRER 5, 1836.

PRIZES !

The decision upon the articles written for the prizes, offered by the Publishers of the Galaxy is postponed until the FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT, when all articles will be submitted to a committee without fail.

The Publishers therefore continue their offer of .

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS !

for the best tale,

TWENTY FIVE !

for the second best; and

TWENTY FIVE !

for the best Poem; articles to be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to the Publishers, with the name of the author, in a sealed envelope. The seal of the successful only will be opened.

Unsuccessful authors will be entitled to the Galaxy without charge for one year provided their articles are deemed worthy of insertion.

SUNRISE AT MIDNIGHT.—Once on a time, scarcely within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, an event happened so singular that we wonder it has never been set down in the books. Scarcely had the clock struck the hour of twelve, when, the darkness of night melted away—the stars faded and the sun arose in the Orient. This event took the inhabitants of our hemisphere by surprise, and strange were the positions in which some of them were detected. In one wide square in the heart of a certain city some half dozen watchmen were exposed to view, stretched at full length on the pavements, and in clever nooks where they had stowed themselves in order that incendiaries and night-robbers need not stumble over them. These gentlemen slept so soundly that many of the wakeful inhabitants who had rushed into the street alarmed by the phenomenon of the Universe, were obliged to shake them quite hard before their drowsy eyes unclosed, and their cramped limbs remembered they were alive One gentleman starting from his bed as the golden light cundered his eyelids, interrupted a quiet party in his parlor, composed of his servants and their friends, who were busily engaged in sipping his best wine, and discussing cake and pine-apple cheese. Those individuals who had run into the street on the first approach of light, were edified by the sight of a man half way out a window which opened directly over the head of one of the snoring guardians of the public safety. This wight was observed to be well supplied with silver spoons and other articles of domestic furniture which he threw away when he observed the eyes of men were directed towards him. Several persons sprang forward to secure him, when they were met by a very respectable alderman, who came puffing with his wig in his hand, and his waistcoat unbuttoned, from a house where respectable lodgers never stayed until daylight. The terror imprinted on the countenance of the worthy man confirmed the spectators in their opinion that he had not been to the said house on business appertaining to his office. As the alderman hurried home, and took no notice of the escaping thief, he was suffered to get off. But the poor alderman discovered that he did not enjoy a monopoly of all the crime in his family. As he opened his door, he ran bolt against an elderly gentleman in black, who appeared as eager to get out as the other did to get in. As soon as the limb of the corporation discovered it was the village parson with whom he had so unceremoniously come in contact, his remorse for his own short comings began rapidly to ooze off. The failings of the parson could not but keep the alderman in countenance. So, with blustering rage he demanded what the d—— the clergyman was doing in his precincts at that time of night—but, before the trembling adulterer could reply, the alderman heard the cracking of a whip and the rolling of wheels, at the back of his garden. He ran out and just got a glance of his daughter who waved him a good bye with her jewelled hand, while "the other lovely arm was round her lover." He picked up a note from the ground which stated that Miss was off—"cruelty of parents—the object of her young heart's adoration—beg forgiveness"—and other sentimental tid bits, at which the alderman said—a very bad word; while the parson had taken the opportunity to stride down a back lane at the top of his speed. About this time, a dozen young ladies were observed hurrying through the streets, whose fine form were not at all improved by the hasty manner in which their dresses had been thrown on; and whose dripping hair taken in connexion with a limpid river not far behind them, made the conviction irresistible that they had been looked upon by the untimely Sun, while in the act of refreshing themselves in the cooling stream. In the upper part of the city, it is said that a very honest milkman, who generally rose much earlier than his neighbors, was seen standing very near to a pump with one of his great pails at his side. At the first blush of dawn, he was discovered, and so paralyzed was he by the sudden appearance of the Sun, that his kettle was not removed until many of his customers had looked on and wondered whether he milked his cows at midnight. A dandy, who had, without funds, always tried to pass for a man of substance, and who lived alone and cooked his own food was spied through a knot hole, sawing his own wood in a cellar, the darkness of his apartment keeping him in ignorance with regard to the dishonest dealings of the Sun with our antipodes—with whom he had "knocked off and called it half a day." Sundry other individuals were detected in various occupations on which the light of day had never before shone—but we will wind up with an author who was caught in the act of *culling simples* from several big books, for the purpose of making out an *original* novel that had been heralded by all the squeaking trumpetings of a toadey press.

LOAFER.—This word is making a great stir among the *saveans*—and many wise opinion have been expressed with regard to its derivation, betraying great research and ingenuity. The question is not however settled. We suppose the public are waiting to hear our opinion, before they make up their minds. We have given that careful and deliberate attention to the subject which it deserves, and have at length come to the conclusion that the word *loafer* owes its existence to a set of fellows who were in the habit of stealing *loaf sugar*. They became known and marked, and whenever one of them was recognized, people said to each other, "there goes a *loafer*."

CRIMES OF GREAT MEN.—There are many great men, who have been noted for their great crimes. They have excited the admiration of the weak and depraved, by the very magnitude of their offences—and then apologists will tell you that they erred on a grand scale, and were incapable of the little, mean vices of common men—even as a wholesale merchant does not sell by the gill or the half pint. But we would do well to recollect that we only hear of their great crimes while their less remarkable ones pass unnoticed, and are eclipsed by the greater ones. They may have as many small failings as other men, but like infants taken to the theatre, they pass free, because the parents are charged who accompany them.

BERNARDO. We have had many requests that Bernardo might be published. To those friends who are kind enough to wish its publication, we can only say that we have no control over Bernardo. It has been sold to Mr Eaton, as the lawyers say, 'for a consideration.' We answer to our unknown friend, who signs himself 'B. B.' that it has indeed been printed, but a few copies only were struck off for the use of the performers. The interest expressed by many in the play, and the desire to see it in print are extremely gratifying—but, as will be perceived, it is not in our power to comply.

FANNY WRIGHT D'ARUSMONT.—This lady has been lecturing in Charlestown. Her themes are purely political, and although her sentiments are radical enough, yet she betrays an intimate acquaintance with the polity of nations, and the leading politicians of our country. Her intellect is of a high order, and her personal appearance calculated to excite admiration. But she would convince us bid we never been convinced before, that woman was never designed for an orator—her voice will not second her feelings, but when she would be sublime or enthusiastic, it degenerates into something like a scream. The gestures cannot be so made by female limbs as to suit a dignified subject—and but that the power of her arguments creates respect, her manner would excite to laughter. We believe, however, that Madame D'arusmont is as eloquent a speaker as woman can be. Her head is well formed, and her whole appearance is unique, romantic and interesting.

TRIAL OF WALTON. This second trial commenced at Dedham, at the Supreme Judicial Court on Wednesday.—The witnesses for the Government were got through with the first day, and the witnesses for the defence were called on Thursday. The evidence for the government was substantially the same, as on the first trial. From the Dedham Patriot we obtain the following account of his attempt to escape. He had succeeded in freeing himself from his heavy irons, and as the Jailor, accompanied by the Turnkey, opened the door of his cell to hand him his evening meal, Walton slipped the shackles from his feet and with the agility of a tiger, sprung through the narrow door into the entry. The Jailor, with great presence of mind, grasped him by the collar, and both together leaped down a short flight of stairs. Walton's jacket was buttoned closely about his neck, and the Jailor's hold being very short, soon gave way. Taking fresh hold with both hands, he placed Walton in a niche of the wall and held him fast. A man employed as guard, then appeared at the door of the prison, with musket clubbed, and Walton immediately gave up, saying, 'No harm done.' During the whole struggle, we are informed, that Walton used great exertions to escape, and proved himself to be a more powerful man than is generally supposed.

As soon as the guard appeared, Walton returned quietly to his cell, and gave up the instruments with which he separated his irons. They consist of seven small saws, from an inch and a half to three or four inches in length; two small files; a hammer; a pointed knife, and cold chisel all of which fit into a short stock or handle. How he obtained these instruments is a mystery. His State Prison clothes were changed before he was brought to Dedham, his hair combed, and every means were adopted to prevent his taking tools with him. At Dedham jail we do not conceive it possible for him to get hold of such instruments. He is watched with the greatest care night and day, and no communication with him, whatever, is allowed.

Great praise is due Mr Mann, the jailor, for the intrepid manner in which he grasped this desperate fellow, and at the hazard of his life, held on upon him, until assistance arrived. It would have been the easiest thing in the world, for Walton to have rid himself of such powerful opposition, by using the sharp knife which was in his possession, in the close encounter on the stairs.

NOVELTY.—A desire for change and alteration is said to be natural to our race. The Sloth strips the verdure from trees but penetrates no deeper into the trunks It is, perhaps, owing to our disinclination to exertion, that we are so fond of changing the scene, as soon as application is required to draw forth its more hidden and more substantial excellencies. We bore into a subject with the gimlet of our attention, unless we have reached the depth were the instrument turns hard, and then we draw it forth, and begin to bore again on the surface in another spot. This is the reason there is so much superficial knowledge afloat. It is the man who penetrates the deepest into the Earth, not he who digs a number of holes, that shall find water. By going deeply into only one subject, a man may acquire more wisdom, and attain greater eminence than one who skims over a thousand. The river of knowledge is like the brook in which Moses sprinkled the dust of the golden image. The sediings, as in Chocolate, are the richest part of it. Unlike milk where the best rises to the top, the rich sediment of Science lies on the bottom. Learning should be like grease to set the wheels of thought in motion—it is its principal use.—Without reflection, knowledge is like the stones and flints swallowed by an ostrich—undigested and without nutriment. Superficial knowledge is the spur to changes and revolutions which revolve and re-revolve, and then remain the same.

MARRYATT A BOSTON BOY !—This popular writes is, on the mother's side, of Boston extraction. Her maternal grandfather, the late Frederick Geyer, was, for many years, an eminent merchant of this city. He left three daughters who were born in the ancient house on Summer street now occupied by S. P. Gordon, Esq. One of them married Mr. Belcher of Halifax—another, Mr Tucker of Bellows Falls, and Charlotte, who was distinguished for her talents and literary taste, became the wife of Marryatt, an Englishman of family and fortune. Captain Marryatt was the issue of this marriage. We understand that next spring, he may be expected on a visit to his relations in this quarter.

MONEY.—"The present scarcity of money," said a deliberate wiseacre, "is owing to ——"

"You are right," interrupted an Irishman—"You are right, my honey—it is because there is so much *owing to*, and so little *paying to*.

COMPLIMENTARY. Two toadeys, wishing to be very civil to a certain Judge, one of them began, 'Your Honor knows how to manage these drunkards and rapscallions equal to clock work.'

'Yes,' cried the other—'when your Honor gets a parcel of these ragamuffin thieves around you, your Honor is perfectly at home.'

THE DRAMA.

On Monday evening last, a tragedy which we have acknowledged to be our own; entitled Bernardo del Carpio was performed for the first time at the National. A very full house was assembled to witness it. No just criticism can be predicated upon the acting of a piece on the first night of its production; and those who have not seen Bernardo since its first night, whether they pronounced a favorable or unfavorable opinion upon it, cannot have done either the play or the actors in it, proper justice. There is the novel character which each performer has to assume and to which he must give a conception of his own, to make an uncertainty. There is again the imperfection of study, and the necessity for a trial of the business of the piece, before its fitness can be estimated. Yet against all these draw-backs, Bernardo successfully contended—and was received with much approbation. The denouement was however considered too tragical,—not indeed so much so as to violate probability, but so as to leave too desolate an impression upon the feelings. On Tuesday it was altered, and the difficulties being of course removed, the applause was constant and gratifying. It has been played since, the entire week to good houses, and with constantly increasing applause—and now for just and hearty acknowledgements.

The arrangement of the entire business devolved upon Mr Smith—and with an assiduity which we cannot be too grateful for, he devoted himself to its interests. Whoever has witnessed the result of his exertions, will appreciate their value. We owe him gratitude for many kind suggestions, materially improving the tragedy. And we sincerely thank him for his very flattering opinion of the play, and for his excellent performance of Castro. He imparted to the part an interest which we did not dare to anticipate—and fulfilled even the deepest hopes of the author.

Mrs Anderson bestowed an attention upon Elvira which attracted to the character a strong sympathy, and gave it all the verisimilitude of reality. Whoever has seen her personation, will not accuse us of flattery when we say that we could not expect more from any lady upon the stage. Her personal loveliness imparts an extra charm.

On Monday and Tuesday Mr Eaton did not fill the part of Bernardo; did not act even with his accustomed vigor. He gave occasion to many to say that they feared he was an *imitative* rather than an *original* actor—and that now he had a new character he could not strike out a bold path. But he had not had an opportunity to study the character of Bernardo, or the points in the part. He was only able to make sure of the language, leaving the acting for the future to develope. On Wednesday he was a different man—Bernardo stood forth the hero we hoped he might be made—and if, as Mr. Eaton is owner of the play, he will, in his personifications, perform as he did on Wednesday, we shall have nothing to regret. It was noble acting.

Mrs, Pelby, Mr Comer, and Mr Williamson have our thanks for the willingness with which they undertook small parts and performed them so ably. But if we thus particularize, we shall have to go through the entire company. Mr. Ayling made yes—an admirable Rodrigo, Mr. Adams a good Alphonso, Mr Speai was *just the thing* in Gomez, Mr Marshall the very Jailor we wanted, Mr Cunningham—but hold—we are unnecessarily naming every gentleman in the play. Suffice it to say that all from Stage Manager downwards, not forgetting the Prompter and the Property-man—all have our thanks.

Messrs. Pray and Weld, for the excellent Prologue so kindly furnished by the one, and the Epilogue by the other, will accept our gratitude—and also Mrs Smith and Mrs Sheridan, for the delighful manner in which each was pronounced.

If, should any other play that our poor brain may give birth to, at any future time, be performed we might have as good acting as been given by all to Bernardo del Carpio, we will not doubt a favorable result.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated

LONDON, 10th Sept. 1836.

I promised in my last to speak of Wordsworth. But before I begin I beg you will prepare yourself for a disappointment. We cannot have at all times what we desire. I would have had Woodsworth more than mortal. I would have had him as my imagination had pictured the poet—a being clothed in earthly beauty—a noble figure—with much dignified simplicity—standing firm and erect—not like the proud aristocrat, whose title and wealth are all his boast—but as one conscious of his moral worth and mental ability' I would have had his eye beaming with intelligence and benignity.

But alas! I was doomed to disappointment. I had promised to be at his lodgings at 9 o'clock. As I lifted the knocker, the heavy bell of Westminster Abbey sounded the hour. I was asked up, and I proceeded to the drawing-room. A person entered soon after, dressed in coarse light olive cloth, and bearing a broad brimed black hat in his hand. Could I give you a sketch of his features, I verily believe you would not recognize him as the author of 'Harry Gill.' There was nothing in his personal appearance save his modest demeanor, that would lead you to suppose him a man of talent, much less a poet. Yet this was Wordsworth.

As he conversed, curiosity led me to trace every line of his good humored features. The small blue eyes beamed with benevolence, but displayed not that intelligence which I fondly hoped to see. His forehead was broad to excess just above the temples, his nose long and heavy in general—ing with his face and lips. He had proposed a walk in the park, and as he rose from his seat, the profile of his figure, —which is of the middle size—exhibited an ungraceful inclination forward, like that of his head, which I heard a phrenologist say, was bent by the weight of the organ of reverence, which, from its dimensions, I should think is not improbable. We proceeded through a back passage which opened into the Park. The conversation turned upon the taste for literature and the fine arts in America, of which Wordsworth had formed a very favorable opinion. Allston was enquired after, and complimented highly upon his poetical as well as his paintetical talents, and the poet reiterated the sentiments of a great many others, in regretting that he should have left England, when a little more time would, in all probability, have placed him where the accomplished Shee presides with so good a grace.

As we advanced towards the gate of the inner inclosure, our attention was attracted by a procession of the children belonging to St James Parish Schools, headed by their teachers, with their banners floating in the breeze, went on taking their accustomed weekly walk. Those who have read Wrodsworths poetry will not be surprised that, the subject of conversation being changed, he dilated upon the natural simplicity, beauty, and innocence with all the eloquence and fervor of a devotee.

Indeed it was a sight to awaken once enthusiasm. English children are more beautiful than those of any other nation. There is a fullness and solidity in their flesh which is seldom seen in American children, and the deep rich tint of health upon their cheeks is like sunshine to the earth warming and animating their beautiful features. I suppose you will be desirous to know what is the reason of this difference. From all I can learn from the physicians, governesses, and nursery maids, it is nothing more nor less than giving them plenty of fresh air. Go into the park at any hour, from sunrise to sunset, and you will see children of all ages, from a fortnight to 10 years, some in their nurses arms, others running, jumping, and cutting all sorts of antics with each other, or their nursery maids, who are always in attendance. But to return to the poet—on we went, discussing the works of art, and the beauties of nature, till lost in beautiful and glowing language I was transported to the wood and fields, to the mountain and glen, or was sailing upon the silver lake with the wings of joy for our sails, filled by the breath of love. If I fancied I could give you a just idea of his conversation by a repitetion, I believe I should be tempted to gratify you. But being aware of my inability to do him justice, you will pardon me if I say no more than that, when we had finished our walk, I left Wordsworth with a far more exalted opinion of his character than I had ever held before; and it is needless to add that his personal appearance had assumed a more agreeable expression than I, with my want of discernment, had before been enable to perceive.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Boston, Nov. 1st, 1836.

MR. EDITOR—I am not in the habit of writing articles for the public print—but if you will have the goodness to insert this, you will certainly oblige one, and perhaps some others of your many patrons. I am now and have for some time been a subscriber to the Galaxy, and I count them some of my happiest moments while I am engaged in reading its contents—and it is for fear that I shall soon be debarred this privilege, that I pen these lines. No sooner does the carrier ring the door bell of a Sunday morning, than all hands in the house are on the alert for the Galaxy, and if it happens that I do not get it first, it is seldom I get sight of it again before night, and then I am so out of humor that I do not enjoy its valuable contents at all.—Those non-subscribers will undoubtedly read this epistle on the coming Sabbath, and if a 'word to the wise proves to be sufficient,' I may once have the pleasure of reading my own paper first. Yours truly,

Y. Z.

MR. EDITOR—SIR:—In the last number of the Boston Pilot, the Editor after expressing his satisfaction at the *prospects* of the formation of a catholic singing society, thus compliments those ladies and gentlemen who, at a late concerto given at the Pond street church, for the sole benefit of the Catholic funds, rendered their gratuitous services, and sang to the tune of nearly eleven hundred dollars. "If Catholics had a society, such as the one we allude to is calculated to be, they would not be under the necessity when a concert is to be given, of *employing* singers who do not understand our church service, and consequently cannot perform it as it should—which is evident to every one who has attended the recent oratorios."

It is evident to every reader of the above paragraph that the courteous editor, has not been mindful of a certain adage which runs thus "Never look a gift horse in the mouth." There is another which the editor would do well to bear in mind for the future (i. e.) "Never throw out the dirty water before you get the clean."

In the present case the editor has thrown out the *clean* water without the certainty that even a drop of dirty water remains. To drop proverbs, the editor will be a fortunate man, and leave Joice Heth far in the back ground on the score of years, should he live to see or hear a society of Catholics execute their music with more *credit to themselves*, more ease to their community, or with more satisfaction to their hearers, than was echoed by the audience at the oratorio in the Pond St. church. The editor should bear in mind likewise, that *employing* singers, and *soliciting* their voluntary services are two very different things. The Pilot however is not, never was, and probably never will be the acknowledged organ of the respectable portion of the Catholics of Boston who feel equally grateful for the services of their Protestant brethren, and indignant at the imbecile, contemptible, and less than insignificant remarks of the editor of the Pilot who in all probability cannot distinguish between Old Hundred and Yankee Doodle. AD LIBITUM.

[We insert the above remarks with pleasure. We understand that many of the most respectable Catholics of this city are very much incensed and with justice at the remarks in the Pilot, calculated to stir up ill feeling, and do their community an essential injury.—ED.]

LITERARY NOTICES

MR. HOMER'S ADDRESS. We have perused with great attention and with more than ordinary pleasure Mr. Homer's Address to the Charitable Mechanic Association—and we are happy to find a man who is willing to take a decided stand in the advancement of bold, just, and independent sentiment. Mr. Homer does not profess in the beginning to attempt so much to be eloquent as practical in his remarks, but we must say he has attained both results. He touches upon the progress of the association, and regrets its slow advancement. He details the fine societies in Philadelphia and New York, and expresses a hope that the Mechanic Charitable Association may copy from them. He condemns *strikes* in strong terms, and shows their fallacy and uselessness.

The following passages are not only very true and impressive, but really eloquent.

It has been intimated, and, if I mistake not, by a gentleman who not many years since delivered an address before this Association—that the Mechanics sometimes considered themselves a 'degraded race' in the scale of human existence. Let me ask, gentlemen, if there is the least foundation for an intimation of this kind? If any other person than a mechanic had made the remark, would not the members of this Association have considered it a libel upon their fair fame and character? Why should one of the most useful and independent classes of the community, under *any* circumstances, consider itself *degraded!* It cannot be; and from the bottom of my heart, do I pity that man who can cherish for a moment so abject, so degenerate a thought. Wherein, let me ask, do the mechanics differ from that numerous and highly respectable body of men, who have ever been their best patrons, their warmest friends, and who are known as merchants? Where the origin, the birth, parentage and education of a majority of the mechanics humble? did they commence the world poor and friendless, with nothing to impel and sustain them but the force of their own merits, habits of industry, economy and temperance—a consciousness of their own strength, and of the rectitude of their intentions? What, let me ask, was the condition of nearly all the merchants of our city, when they were boys? Were their parents rich? Had they the advantages of a liberal education? No. Though not very old myself, I have watched their progress from my boyhood. They came for the most part from the country, with good characters it is true, but with little else to cheer them on than an enterprising and fearless spirit, which has made them what we now find them—prosperous gentlemen—wealthy and useful members of our happy community. The merchants and mechanics of Boston, four-fifths of them certainly, had a common origin. They were born of respectable parents, but on the score of patrimony had little or nothing to boast of. They are emphatically, in the backneied terms of the day, *'self made men,'—the architects of their own fortunes.'*—No, my brethren, we are not a 'degraded' race; and if the artificial distinctions which exist in society give to the mechanic a humbler rank than is awarded to the clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, or the merchant, it is not that he deserves it, either from the nature of his calling, or because he is a less moral, intellectual, or useful member of the great human family. If the mechanic himself has not that high and just opinion of his own trade and standing which he ought to have, he is to be pitied for his weakness. And if, as a body, we are in any degree obnoxious to the charge before alluded to, let us by our future conduct show to the world that we, at least, consider *no class* superior to ourselves, and let us impress upon the minds of our wives and daughters, that *they* can never be better employed, than when enjoying the society of honest, temperate, industrious mechanics. I know not that the members of any other profes sional look upon us as 'degraded,' not do I care; but I have often thought, and I speak it with reluctance, that the example of some of our most affluent mechanics was not calculated to elevate the great body of their brethren in the eyes of the world. It has appeared to me, gentlemen, that the most successful we are in the accumulation of property, the more prone we are to put on airs, and

'Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the Angels weep.'

The following is the conclusion of the address.

In conclusion, my brethren, permit me as a son of one of the earliest members of your Association, to congratulate you on your general prosperity. The mechanics of Boston have abundant reason to be satisfied with their condition—nay, to rejoice, that their "lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places." Living as they do in one of the most intelligent, enterprising, flourishing communities on the face of the wide extended globe—surrounded with every comfort that rational and prosperous man can desire—blessed with a free school system that is unequalled, in this or any other country—inhaling a moral atmosphere, the purity of which is unsurpassed—enjoying a virtuous, intellectual, cultivated female society, and all the refinement which adorn and dignify and elevate the human character—with innumerable temples dedicated to religious worship, and Sunday schools where their little children are taught to raise their innocent hands and voices to the praise and glory and adoration of the great ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE—with institutions, where CHARITY and BENEVOLENCE dispense their healing comforts to the afflicted, old and young—and where CRIME, though punished according to its desorts, is visited with a severity that is tempered with mercy and good feeling. Show me, if you can, in the old world or the new, a community which excels Boston in these particulars—nay, I should rather say, which at all approaches it. Boston stands out in bold relief among the great cities of the civilized world, furnishing an example worthy of general imitation—and challenging the admiration of thousands and tens of thousands of her sons, who are scattered far and wide, and who though long absent from the scenes of their childhood; from those who watched over them in the days of their infancy with more than parental anxiety and feeling; from brothers they fondly cherished, and sisters they dearly loved—sons, who will never forget, can never forget, the admirable admirable and wholesome principles they imbibed in the free schools and churches of their native city.

DELINQUENTS.

We presume that we have as much trouble in collecting our dues as other publishers. Some of our co.emporaries have added to a plan of publishing the names of persons who neglect the settlement of their bills, under the head of delinquents—a fashion which we intend to follow. It is often the case that papers are ordered to be discontinued by the Post Master when the subscriber's account is in arrears. Where such is the case we shall designate the names advertised by a star. We begin with

James Bride—keeper of the La Fayette Hotel	$4,00
R. W. Boydon formerly of Keene, N. H.	2,00
David F. Strange—Taunton, Ms.	1,50

These names and others which will be occasionally added we shall continue in the paper from week to week unless we hear from those interested.

JOHN J. ADAMS,

BRUSH MANUFACTURER, No 15 Exchange street. Brushes, of every description, on hand, and constantly manufactured.

Also, Shoemakers' and Stock Bristles, for sale at wholesale and retail. 6m o10

MARRIED,

In this city, William E Young, of Wiscasset, Me, to Jane F. Woodman; Henry T Danforth to Amanda Jane Malcolm; Francis Cain to Sarah G Downes; Joseph Goldsby to Abigail Hickson; Charles B Maclure to Miss F, daughter of Francis Jackson, Esq; George Sedger, of Reading, to Elizabeth B. Pierce; Joseph Le Roy, of Paris, to Ann Louisa A Perrone

In this city, Reuben O. Bourgeoe to Martha R Cushing; Wm Augustus Monroe to Mary Ann Wentworth; Isaac Ayres, formerly of Portsmouth, to Eliza T Hilliot; Henry H Jones to Nancy Hutchinson.

In this city, Robert B Stead, of Quincy, to Stephenia Turnedin of Boston; Leonard Augustus Brooks to Eliza Buckford.

In this city, Joseph F White to Sarah T Washburn; Valentine Martin to Elizabeth Atkins Gilbert; Samuel P Bradley, of Haverhill Ms, to Emeline Bartlett.

In this city, Dexter Dashiell, of Worcester, to Pamelia S, daughter of Charles Fessenden; J S Dall to E H Brigham, daughter of Levi Brigham Esq.; Eldred Rand to Susan F Otis.

In this city, Saturday morning, Henry Cushing, 39 yrs, of the firm of H. H. Williams & Co; Mary Thorndike, wife of Mr Charles W Taylor, 34; Mehitable S, wife of Mr A P Cochran; Sarah Ann Morris.

At Cumberlandport, Alanson Bigelow of this city, to Ann Rebecca, eldest daughter of Isaiah Bangs Esq.

At Cumberlandport, Alanson Bigelow of this city to Ann Rebecca, eldest daughter of Isaiah Bangs, Esq.

At Charlestown, Isaac Cook to Elizabeth Mears.

At Charlestown, Thomas A Goddard, of this city, to Mary T Frothingham.

At Malden, Caroline Winslow, eldest daughter of the late William Barrett, 27.

At Canton, Charles Lee Turner, of Chelsea, to Maria French.

At Lowell, Joseph H. Wilson to Abby S. Bonney.

At Leominster, Asaph B Bass, of Boston, to Elizabeth Taylor.

At Amesbury, Henry A Arnold, of Boston, to Susan Walsh of Salisbury.

At Duxbury, Nathaniel P Frothingham, of this city, to Margaret T, oldest daughter of Capt Benjamin Smith.

At New York, Leonard Nowell, formerly of Boston, to Sarah Middleton.

At New York, 24th ult, George Miller to Sarah A Brookings, both of Waltham, Mass.

At Brattleboro' Vt, Wm M Page, of Roxbury, Ms to Eliza Jaquith, of New Ipswich, N. H.

At Chester, Northumberland, England, Thomas Gisn, Esq, to Mary Acres.

Delightful girl, as spirited as brave,
To my own heart, to my own taste akin;
With my last drop to thee my lips I'll have,
Who sunk the *Acres* to enjoy the *Gin*.

DEATHS.

In this city, Rebecca Hurd, widow of the late Col John Hurd, 65; Marshall Keith, 70.

In this city, Nancy D, wife of Job Tower, 46.

In this city, suddenly, Sarah, wife of Thomas Rood, 41; Elisa L, only daughter of Tilly Brigham, 29.

In this city, Charles R. Peirce, 16 months, son of T. J. Peirce; Harriet Bentley, 10.

In this city, Sunday, at the house of John Snelling, No. 69 Salem street, while on a visit to Boston, Maria Matthews, of Prospect, Me, 94; Mary Maria, eldest daughter of Mark and Mary McClure, 5 years; Edward Payson, youngest son of Jos. Shaw, 3½ yrs.

At Charlestown, John Lovett, 65.

At Charlestown, John Lovett, 65.

At Cambridge, John Foster, 53.

At Roxbury, Mary E, daughter of Maj Nehemiah D Williams, 12.

At Dorchester, Ann Clapp, only child of George and Abigail Fowler, 14 months.

At Brighton, Samuel Capen, 66. Funeral this afternoon, (Saturday) at 2 o'clock, at the house of Benjamin Porter.

At Watertown, Hugh Boyd, of this city, 69.

At Framingham, Mary Thompson, 16, only daughter of widow Mary Thompson.

At Weymouth, John Vinson, 83, the oldest man in S Weymouth, and a revolutionary pensioner.

At Haverhill, N H, Sarah, youngest daughter of Hon Ezra Bartlett.

At Providence, Sylvester Simmons, son of Mr S S Southworth 5 years.

At Worcester, Thomas P Lee, Physician and Superintendent of the Mc Lean Asylum for the Insane at Charlestown, in the 28th year of his age.

At Warwick, Jonathan Blake, 88.

At Rutland, Vt, Sarah, widow of the late Dea John Johnson, 101.

At Bangor, Samuel Hudson Esq, Surveyor General of Lumber for the County.

At Burlington, Vt, at the house of her son, (Prof Torrey) Mary, wife of Dr Joseph Torrey, of Salem, 65.

At Albany, Charles Kinower, son of Benj Knower Esq, 21.

At Pittsburgh, Pa, J B W Fletcher, late of Boston, 25.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress-st.

Sheriff's Sale. Boston, Nov. 2, 1836

SUFFOLK, ss. Taken on mesne process, and will be sold by consent of parties on MONDAY the 7th inst, at 10 o'clock, A M. at the corner of Milk and Congress streets.

A variety of Household Furniture, Books, &c, consisting of 1 mahogany Secretary, glass doors; 1 Sofa in hair cloth—Grecian mahogany Dining Table; do Work do; elegant mahogany Bedstead, scroll head and foot board, &c, &c.

At 11½ o'clock—1 Cooking Stove.

At 11½ o'clock—A variety of Books.

By order of H. H. HUGGEFORD, Deputy Sheriff.

BOSTON ACADEMY..... *Established in* 1830.
FALL AND WINTER CLASSES
OF
PENMANSHIP, BOOK KEEPING AND ARITHMETIC,
UNDER the immediate instruction of Messrs. RICHARDSON & STRATTON.

Corner of Washington and West streets.

Messrs. R. & S. would inform their friends, and others who are desirous of obtaining a practical knowledge of Book-keeping, comprising Single and Double Entry, that their establishment has been refitted, and they are now able to accommodate pupils at any hour, (day or evening.)

Their System of Book-Keeping is particularly distinguished as original method of explaining first principles; and young gentlemen receiving a very few lessons are able to commence on almost any set of books that have previously been opened on other systems. Having taught hundreds this important art, many of whom hold responsible situations as book-keepers in some of the most extensive houses in Boston and other cities, Messrs R & S. feel confident that it is principally, if not altogether, the satisfaction they have given to their pupils heretofore, that has gained for them the extensive patronage which they have received the past year; and they would inform their fellow citizens that it shall ever be their aim to merit a continuance of the same.

There are many, very many persons, who, perhaps, keep their books correctly, but certainly do not keep them *genteelly*. The defect is sometimes owing to a bad hand-writing, and sometimes to the want of correct examples for imitation, to which may be attributed the loss of much valuable time and money on closing. If perchance it be possible they can be closed at all.

Messrs R. & S. hope, that by an assiduous attention to a business in which they have had the good fortune ever to excel, owing to strict personal attention and good systems, to continue to receive the preference from the public.

Parents and guardians are informed that, at this School, boys are received and fitted in a faithful manner for the Counting-houses; and as Book-keeping and Penmanship are considered very essential requisites in the education of a young gentleman, they trust they can convey to the young mind some important and very interesting information.

Arithmetic will be particularly attended to; and Bonds, Promissory Notes, Drafts, Bills of Exchange, Invoices, &c. &c. drawn up in modern style. Also, a new and very simple way of computing interest and averaging accounts.

Persons wishing to receive any information on the above branches, are invited to call and make a cursory examination of the System as taught at this School.

Classes in session, Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, through out the week.

NOTICE.

☞ At this School pupils will be instructed in the duties of the Counting-room, in an expeditious and thorough manner, and at the conclusion of their studies, will receive a certificate of recommendation from their instructors.

Clerks and Book-keepers will be supplied with situations from this establishment.

☞ The above regulations having been suggested by several merchants, and there being no similar establishment in this city, Messrs R. & S. beg leave to offer their services to their fellow-citizens from whom they have heretofore received an extensive patronage, and to whom they now offer themselves in the above business, viz.:

Supplying Merchants with quick and ready Penmen, and correct and well-informed Book-keepers. 6m o05

LA LITTERATEUR FRANCAIS,

EDITED by Prof Surault, of Cambridge, is commenced, to be regularly issued weekly, this morning, at $2 per ann in advance, or $2,50 at end of year. French readers are solicited to an examination of the first number at

W. H. S. JORDAN'S,
191 Washington-st.
o26

J. S. CUNNABELL,
TEACHER OF THE GERMAN FLUTE AND ACCORDION.
ROOM NO. 3, BOYLSTON HALL, BOSTON.

ARRANGEMENTS made for Tuition, by applying as above; or at Mr Blake's Music Store, 417 Washington-st. Terms $6 for a Course of Twelve Lessons.

☞ Music transposed, and otherwise arranged for the Accordion. 3m o7

WORK BOXES.

JUST rec'd by J. H. GRUSH, 251 Washington-st, a large and splendid assortment of Rosewood and Mahogany Work Boxes, furnished and unfurnished.
4 eptf

REMOVAL.

J. E. SHAPLEY respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from store No 110 to No 7 Hanover street, where he continues to keep for sale an assortment of elegant Fancy Goods, consisting of splendid embossed, inlaid and wrought Shell Card Cases; wrought and plain Shell and Horn Combs; Bead Bags; Bead, Silk and Buck Purses; a great variety of Pocket Books; Wallets; Memorandums; Fancy Boxes; Pocket Writing Apparatus; Payson's Indelible Ink; Spectacles; Thimbles; Finger Rings; Breast Pins; Ear Rings; an elegant assortment of Pinques and Belt Clasps, from 50 cents to $5; Clothes, Hair and Tooth Brushes; real Farina Cologne; Soaps; a variety of Perfumery; Watches, Clocks and Timepieces.

☞ Personal attention given to Repairing and Cleaning of Watches, Timepieces, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c.
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EAGLE INDIA RUBBER CO. NOTICE.

THE E. I. R. Co. having made great improvements in the manufacture of India Rubber Goods, are now prepared to take orders for Ladies' and Misses' Aprons, Carriage Cloths, (a new and beautiful article) Shoes, &c. all of which they warrant to be superior to any heretofore offered to the public, both as to beauty and durability—they invite all purchasers to call at 210 Washington street, and examine for themselves.

EDWARD HAYNES JR, Agent.
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NATIONAL THEATRE.

☞ First Night for two years of the first Drama or Opera with all its original splendor.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, 1836.
Will be revived the celebrated Drama entitled the
SIX DEGREES OF CRIME!

Julio Darnsby	(first time)		Mr W. H. Smith.
Portlmand	Julio's Associates		Mr Comer
Charles			Mr Williamson.
Robert			Mr J Wills
La Coille	(a Leader)		Mr J G Rowe
Francois	(the Lover of Louise)		Mr W L Ayling
Louise	(Betrothed to Francois)		Miss Anderson
Blomire			Mrs Pelby
Fanny			Mrs W H Smith

To conclude with (2d time) the new Farce called
MRS. WHITE.

Peter White	Mr Wills.	Frank Brown Mr Williamson
Widow White		Mrs W H Smith.

PRICES: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1/2; Gallery 25.
☞ Doors open at 6; Performances commence at 1-2 past 6.

ORATORIO OF DAVID.

THE HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will repeat the celebrated Oratorio of David, by Chevalier Neukomm, on SUNDAY EVENING, (to-morrow.)

Tickets of admission at 50 cents each; may be had of Parker Ditson, or at the door of the Hall. Members will be entitled to their privileges on this occasion.

Performance to commence at 6½ o'clock.
n5 J. HILL BELCHER, Secretary.

U. S. MAIL LINE OF EASTERN STEAMBOATS.

*Ar

SELECTED POETRY.

TO COURTESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Hail to thee, Courtesy! Thy smile is bland,
Thy mein attractive, and I love thy voice;
Yea even in the wave of thy white hand
There is a charm that makes all hearts rejoice.
Sweetly thou canst refuse,
And sweetly beg—
Canst bow, and make a leg—
But when thou givest,—O the heavenly muse!
How beautiful art thou! To me, to me,
Come, gentle spirit, with thy face of glee!
Come with thy hand enclosing a bank-bill,

Sweetest of givers, come! Through good, through ill
Giving or not, thou know'st I love thee still!
Thy power is infinite. Blest maiden, say,
Who like thyself,
Can give or take away—
Or ask a man to dangle on a rope,
Just to oblige thee, and yet calmly hope
He will not take it ill, the sorry elf—
As Horace Walpole tells—Horace who pass'd
A long long life
Without a wife,
Which caus'd that life of his so long to last,

The goaler walks into the convict's cell
Stroking his chin the while,
All bows, and grace, and smile,
"I hope, my dearest friend, I hope you're well.
How slept you, my sweet sir? Bad dreams? Ah, yes:
A man so delicately plac'd as you
Must find the time most heavily to press.
I have a small request—oblige me, do—
A trifling thing. A short excursion—
A week or so—we all must have diversion—
My wife and I would take
A trip across the lake—
You would not spoil our trip—your heart is tender;
I cannot go, you know, till you are hung.
To-morrow fortnight into heavenly splendor
Must gently launch you from this world of sorrow"—
Here courtesy tipp'd with honey gaoler's tongue—
"Oblige me, do, and just be—hung to-morrow."

That's Horace Walpole's: listen now to mine—
He shone by wit, so I, by fact, may shine.
Comptroller of the Customs—blest employ!—
Was Mr Samuel Sims; and his address
Was such as Chesterfield would teach his boy;
Polished with all the grace of courtliness.
Had Sims but knock'd his head against a Wall:
Like some I know too well:
He would not swear and bawl:
Damning the bricks and mortar down to hell;
But back, with a bow, unconsciously would fall,
Exclaiming, though the knock had been a "hard'un,"
'Excellent sir, I humbly beg your pardon!'

Sims was seventy-six,
A fine old figure, upright, tall and grand;
Time certainly had long contriv'd to fix
A legible writing, with his bony hand,
On Samuel's features, in a good round text
Of wrinkles—yet the word had charming sense;
To read, the dullest could not be perplex'd.
The word inscribed there was—BENEVOLENCE.
Conspicuously neat,
From head to feet,
Sims walk'd t' his office duly every morn.
A head of glistening silvery locks, so white,
It made you look upon him with delight,
Flow'd on his shoulders, waving and unshorn.
He was so striking, that, in fact,
You could not help, sirs, when you met,
Looking full at him, with a stare, deep set.
Then, to complete this very ill-bred act,
When he had pass'd, as one stare would not do,
You'd turn right round, and treat our friend with two.

Didst ever a man-mastiff see?—
A bull-dog-headed brute—a burly hound,
Gross and growling; who must ever be
In a blue coat, with large brass buttons found,
And hands in small-clothes' pockets fixedly—
One who has turn'd his penny to a pound;
Who being well to do, to make an end on't,
Becomes a bear, and thinks he's independent.
Just such an one had taken up a post,
Literally upon the king's highway;
And, as Sims pass'd, each morning he engross'd
The pavement nearly—and not for a day;
But days, and weeks, and months, there stood the bear,
With his terrific stare,
Yet never spoke,
Thrusting his head plump into Sims' face.
'This is no joke,'
Thought the mild elder, 'Yet I cannot trace
That monster's features in mine aged brain.
Perhaps the man knows me. It's very plain
I'm growing old: perhaps he thinks me rude.
I cut him!—I cut no man—never could.
I'll bring this doubt, however, to an end,
And speak to-morrow to my bluff-faced friend.'

Well, on the morrow, gentle Mister Sims
Came to the spot to try his courteous plan.
There stood the post as usual—there the man
Propping it up with his enormous limbs;
And his great head, as was his wont, he ran
With open jaws, that breath'd not of the south
With violet odors laden, right in Sims' mouth,
And goggled him with his wondrous eyes.
Recov'ring his surprise,
The fine old man fell back a step or two,
Bowing, with smile benignant, "How do you do,
My worthy sir?" said he, with proffer'd hand,
"I hope I see you well?" "*Don't know ye*," roar'd the brute,
With bull-frog voice. Beyond expression bland,
Was Samuel's voice, as he with tone of lute,
Most musically said,
"Believe me, when I solemnly aver,
I'm very vastly glad to hear it sir."
Here with another bow, he backwards slid;
"I was afraid
You DID."

MISCELLANY.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT NEWARK.—By the Journal of Commerce, we learn that on Friday afternoon, a fire broke out in a wooden building, occupied as a German boarding house, in Market street, Newark. Before the fire could be got under, between fifty and sixty buildings were destroyed. The State Bank was with great difficulty saved, after its contents were removed. An express was sent to New York early in the evening, asking the Mayor for assistance, who promptly ordered the bells to be rung. Fire engines immediately repaired to Newark. The progress of the flames was arrested between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. Three of the engines from the city returned at three o'clock in the morning, and the other two remained at Newark till daylight.

The American and Atlantic Insurance Companies of N. York have presented Capt Cox of the brig Mary Ann with a chronometer, value $500, for saving his vessel when ashore on the Coast of Florida, and opposing the wreckers who endeavored to take his vessel and cargo to Key West.

SUN AND ERA. Mr Day of the N. Y. Sun is charged by the New Era with stating that the latter paper will not be published three months—and the New Era offers to bet Day $1000 against his $500 that it will stand one year.

ATROCIOUS.—A villain named Smith stabbed an inoffensive old colored man in New York, while he was quietly standing near an apple stand, so badly as to endanger his life. The assassin walked off quietly and nobody molested him.

A SCOUNDREL.—A poor laborer, named McGovern was run over by a hackney coachman in New York, and so much injured that he will be crippled for life. The coachman whipped up his horses and escaped.

The Public Ledger might have spared its information with regard to 'Naval officers of Rank.' We trust we know quite as much about them as our cotemporary. By the by, we took our information from a New York paper.

MURDER.—During the passage of the steamboat Cygnet from New Orleans to St. Louis, the captain, in a quarrel with one of the hands, pushed him among the machinery, while in operation, and the poor fellow was crushed to death.

SHOCKING.—A negro hut was consumed on the 22d inst. in the village of Jamaica, (L. I.) while the inmates were drunk. A child, five years old, was burned to ashes, and a woman was so badly injured that her recovery is doubtful.

HUMBUG! The Phil. National Gazette says that General Call has opened the Florida campaign by retreating upon Fort Drane, having captured three Indian women and six children.

A BITE. Two country fellows in New York succeeded in passing off a counterfeit $1.00 bill, on the Bucks County Bank, Penn.

SAILORS.—Thirty-five dollars per month have been offered for seamen in New Orleans, but none could be got for that price.

HACKDRIVERS.—Twenty warrants were issued again at hackdrivers in Washington, for careless driving and other misdemeanors.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.—A man in Charleston has been fined $20 for beating his son with a poker.

One man was killed at the burning of the Camden Theatre.

Some things are rather important than otherwise, while other things are of very little consequence.

SOUND. The Portland Courier says that Samuel Pra[illegible] is sound Whig. Some politicians are all sound.

Capt. Thos. Howes has politely furnished the Messrs. Topliff with the following particulars respecting the loss of the steamer Royal Tar.

The Royal Tar left St. Johns, 21st with about 90 to 100 passengers on board; on deck were an elephant, 2 camels several horses and a number of caged animals composing a travelling caravan. On Tuesday 25th ult. when crossing the Penobscot Bay, and within about two miles of the entrance of Fox Island, it was found that the water was out of the boilers, and as the wind was blowing a very heavy gale from the N. W. at the time the boat was anchored for the purpose of filling the boilers and in about half an hour after (about 2 P. M.) she was discovered to be on fire.—The engineer with fifteen others immediately jumped into the largest boat and made for the nearest land to leeward, which they reached in safety in about four hours. Capt. Reed promptly took possession of the only remaining boat and took a position a short distance to windward. Three gentlemen passengers, good swimmers, committed themselves to the water and were taken up by Capt. Reed. The cable was slipped and sail made on the boat with the hopes of reaching the shore, but the flames spread so rapidly fore and aft that the mainsail was consumed in a few moments, and her tiller ropes being burnt away, she drifted broad side to the wind, directly out to sea. A signal of distress had been made and it was fortunately discovered by the Revenue Cutter of Castine then about 4 or 5 miles to windward, and she promptly hove up her relief. Capt. Reed put on board her the persons in his boat and then commenced taking off those on board the R. T. All this time she was a mass of flame from stem to stern, a small space forward which had not yet taken fire, with the bowsprit, bobstay, &c. were crowded with survivors. Those on the quarter deck were driven over by the flames, and such as survived were hanging to the davit tackles, and ropes attached to the rudder; many were suspended by ropes attached to the deck, and as the fire reached them were precipitated into the sea and drowned. The Cutter, unfortunately, had no boat of sufficient size to render assistance in taking off the sufferers, and having gunpowder on board, Lt. Dyer in command did not deem it prudent to approach very near, so that the work of rescue was unavoidably very tedious. Capt Reed, however, firmly and resolutely persevered with his boat, though it was with difficulty he could obtain a sufficient boat's crew to go near the wreck, they fearing the elephant would get overboard and destroy the boat. The last boat left the wreck a little before sunset, with one solitary frantic female, the last on board, whose sister and child had both perished before her eyes. The loss of lives is estimated at from 26 to 32, there having been several small children not in the list of passengers. The elephant, camels and horses jumped overboard, the animals in the cages perished. Not a particle of baggage was saved. The Cutter landed the survivors at Isle Haut at about 8 P. M. where they received the most kind treatment from the inhabitants.

Cabin passengers—Messrs. S. Seller, J. Price, A. Curtis, J. Ryan—4.

Forward passengers—Chas. 28, and Mary Curtain, 25, and child, Thos. Mahony 26, Dennis O'Brien 26, John and Eliza Hogan, Mary Hogan 26, Mary Dorrough 24, Sarah Smith, Matty Smith 25, and child, Peggy Cochran 22, Mary Caton 28, Nicholas Phoenix 27, Mary Hickly 24, Fanny O'Brien 40, an old lady and a boy—19.

Crew lost—John Day and Charles Ford, seamen, Mary Burr, stewardess—3. Total loss as far as heard from, 26.

Cabin passengers saved—J. T. Sherwood, Esq., Capt. Edward Waite, Messrs. Owen McGlendry, John Rice, S. Potter, Andrew Garrison, John Hammond, John Ansley, James H Fowler, Henry Fuller, Andrew Fuller, C Fuller, Wheeler, Hodges, Wm. Kipp, J. Marmon, M. Lowry, Hetherly, Stevens, John Leighton, Harrison, Corson, Geo. Eaton, Joshua Burgess, Vernon Genison, Geo. Willoughway, Miss Mary Liston—27.

Deck passengers saved—Owen Doherty, Mary Muldoon, Ivan and Mary Martin, Patrick and Michael Moore, Michael and John Dorian, E. Hogan, Michael Mahoney, Margaret Grow, Richard Hessall, John Turney, Miles Murphy—14.

Crew saved—Thos. Reed master, Wm Black mate, Atkins pilot, Marshal engineer, T Kehoe 2d do, Michael Kehoe fireman, Hugh Blaney do, and two other firemen, Wm Conner and David, cooks, Henry Luff, Geo Nathway, and Owen Atkins, seamen, Wm Brown steward, Patrick Daily, William Noggins and John M'Elvey, boys, waiters—18.

Total saved—59.

A CARD.

Isle of Haut, Oct. 26, 1836.

We, the undersigned, being a part of the survivors, passengers on board the steamer Royal Tar at the time she was destroyed by fire, on the passage from St. John to Portland, hereby tender our grateful acknowledgements to Capt. Thomas Reed, (master of said steamboat,) for his extraordinary exertions and perseverance in saving the lives of his passengers, while in such imminent danger, during the time said boat was on fire—the wind blowing a severe gale. It was difficult to convey the passengers from the burning vessel, in a small boat, to the Belfast cutter, which came to our assistance, and was the only means of saving our lives, the long boat, with sixteen persons, having left on the first discovery of the fire.

We would also, at the same time, tender our thanks to the citizens of Haut Isle, for their kindness to us—and to Capt Samuel Howes, of the Bangor steamer, and Capt Jabez Howes, of the Portland.

Chas. Mahlman, Wm. Kipp, George Hodges, Edward Stephens, Edward D. Waite, Jos. T. Sherwood, Jas. H. Fowler, George Eaton, Stimson Patten, John Ansley, Andrew Garrison, H. H. Fuller, A. R. Fuller, Cornelius Fuller, James Hatherby.

MISANTHROPY. Those persons succeed best in the world who take pleasure in the success of others. A man who lets misfortune sour his heart towards his species, and desires that others may be unhappy because he is so, cannot expect to retrieve his condition. The selfishness of habitual misanthropy is repulsive in the highest degree, and it is not natural that men should prefer their enemies to their friends. Many a man has arisen to fortune and eminence merely because his enjoyment of other men's happiness elicited substantial gratitude from his fellows.

FIRE AT THE NORTH END.—A fire broke out yesterday at about 11 in the forenoon, in a shipyard, destroying much valuable timber, and carpenter's shop, together with two buildings opposite, in Commercial street. The firemen were very active, and did their duty faithfully. Engine No. 13 was particularly engaged, some of the members suffering much from their close contiguity to the flames and smoke. We never saw the Fire Department more resolutely intent on the performance of their duty.

A young man married a wife whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him at the end of one of their quarrels—'You do not love me—you cannot look me in the face and say that you love me.'

'You mistake, my dear,' cried he, 'for it is only when I look you in the face, that I *can* say I love you.'

DISASTROUS. The schooner Helen Mar arrived at Portland on the 28th ult, reports that about 40 miles S.S.E. from Cape Elizabeth, fell in with the wreck of schooner Reed, Sally, of and from Bath. Captain Sally alone was found alive on the wreck. Three had perished. The vessel was bound to Boston, loaded with potatoes and wood.

A correspondent of the Salem Register recommends that all shops and stores, the windows of which are closed at night with shutters, should have a hole or open space in them, so that in case of fire in the night, the watchmen may discover the light before it has gained much headway. A good proposition, that ought to be generally attended to.

The Montreal Herald says the following is reported as the latest case of 'absence of mind'—

The latest case is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a copper spike, and drove a plug of tobacco into a vessel's bottom.

The Montreal Herald is correct in saying that the above is the latest case of absence of mind—we said so ourself when we penned the article.

BEEF CRITTERS. The Mammoth Ox Massachusetts, weighs 2,902 pounds. The celebrated Ox Columbus weighed 4000 pounds. The Durham Ox weighed 3750 pounds.—According to this estimate, the Ox Columbus would have made a dinner for five thousand men.

GOOD SENTIMENT. The Boston Pearl says that profane language is to conversation what ten-inch spikes would be to veneering—splitting, shivering, and defacing it. It is in bad taste, offensive to a majority, and gratifying to none.—*Jour.*

SAD MISTAKE. A gentleman of Cambridge, on Saturday, swallowed a wine glass of *Muriatic Acid*, which was administered to him by his wife, by mistake, for Wine of Antimony. A physician was luckily near who applied antidotes and palliatives successfully, and saved the life of the sufferer.—*Trans.*

ARTIST'S GALLERY. Mr Blitz has once more returned with his curious and interesting exhibitions, which combine interest with instruction, in the most delightful manner.

The Ravel family, ten in number, have made their appearance at the Holliday Theatre, Baltimore, since their return from Europe.

The Fall River Monitor says that the thermometer in that place ranged at 22 degrees above zero, one night last week. Ice was formed 2 1-2 inches thick.

MILK. The Boston Reformer says that the milkmen have begun to waver in their prices, and that they fluctuate from 6, 7 to 8 cents.

The following are the names and ages of the passengers and crew lost on board the Royal Tar, as far as has been ascertained.

During the late gale there were twenty-five lives lost in the River St. Lawrence.

Three large stone factories are now building at Woonsocket Village, R. I.

Major Martand who was shot at Andover is recovering.

GREAT MEETING!—On last Friday afternoon, at the corner of the City Hall, New York, a mighty gathering of the canine race took place. The dogs of Boston, Providence, Brooklyn and Philadelphia were represented by their delegates. Every member of the Convention being seated on his hind quarters, Bontemain, a dog of high respectability, who wore a wide brass collar with his owner's name thereon, arose and stated, in a few words, the object of the meeting. He said that during the last summer the honorable gentlemen whom he now addressed had been subjected to such a persecution as had never before been known within the memory of the oldest dog in the country. 'I miss,' said he, wiping his eyes gracefully with his left paw, 'many of my old companions who were wont to accompany me in my perambulations through these streets—their howlings are no more heard above the clang of the midnight bell—their long ears no more dangle in my path, and their bushy tails are laid low forever. But I see that your sensibilities are touched—why should I needlessly harrow your minds with reminiscences that come home so directly to your bosoms? Who of you that has not lost a relative during this general massacre? Who of you that has not listened to the faint whine of some dear partner as the sudden stroke of the executioner's club has laid him low at your very feet? Who of you that has not drawn his tail between his legs and fled from a scene of murder, with scarcely the hope of securing his own safety? Those of us who have been miraculously spared—alas! few in number—are now met together like solitary pines which the general conflagration has spared, scathed and burnt to the very pitch by the devouring element. We have convened, not for the purpose of rejoicing, but in order to render thanks to the Mayor of this city for staying the progress of desolation—for sparing our little ones—for granting to us a respite from destruction.'

Hereupon a curly delegate from Boston named T[illegible] arose and addressed the meeting in a speech of some length, in which he complimented the authorities of his native city for their lenity, and cast some reflections upon the corporation of New York. This gave rise to a low growl from the New York members, which was however soon hushed, when Bontemain arose and presented the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the canine race of New York can never too highly appreciate the sympathy manifested towards them by their brethren of the surrounding country.

Resolved, That during the last summer a heavy judgment has fallen upon our race, probably owing to the removal of the deposites from the United States Bank.

Resolved, That we return thanks to the corporation of this city for their timely interference in our behalf, before our race had become quite extinct in these parts.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the New York Herald, and that our brother who edits that journal be furnished with a copy of our proceedings.

The following regular toasts were then drank.

1. The Dogs of New York—Every Dog will have his day. (*seven howls.*)

2. The President of the Assembly—May he never want a bone. (*a general bark of approbation, and flourish of tails.*)

3. The Mayor of this city—When his relatives are all killed, and he is stripped of every earthly joy, may his own life be spared, even as he has spared ours.

4. The cooks of the Astor House—May they always cook more than their visitors can eat. (*whines, wagging of tails, and licking of chops.*)

At this point of the proceedings a lusty dog called Jowler, from Philadelphia, arose to address the convention, when a couple of chimney sweeps bawled aloud in their avocation, and the members from abroad, imagining it was the dog-cart, set up a howl, and scattered themselves over the Park. No inducements were sufficient to prevail on them to remain, and in a moment they were, in every sense of the word, most thoroughly adjourned.

A letter from Lieut Com Sturgis, of the U. S. Revenue Cutter M'Lane, of this port, dated at Edgartown, Oct 25th states that after a full examination of all the facts, depositions, protests, &c, relating to the boarding of the wreck of the brig Rising Sun, near Nantucket, by several skippers who took from her a part of her cargo, it appears that they were fully justified in the course they had pursued.—The effects saved from the wreck and landed at Edgartown, were, 278 bbls flour and meal, and 51 kegs and 13 boxes of tobacco, which have been surrendered in charge to the Commissioners of Wrecks for the benefit of those concerned.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Specie has become scarce in New Orleans, and the papers of that city announce with no little satisfaction the arrival of parcels from abroad. $100,000 arrived on the 10th from Philadelphia, and $55,000 from Natchez, and the Banks have made a joint arrangement for the importation of $3,000,000 from Mexico, to be paid by bills on England.

THE WHALE FISHERY. Mr Phillips, in his Lecture before the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, stated that there were, three months since, engaged in the Whale Fishery of the United States 460 ships, which cost, with their outfits, 12,000,000 dollars; that their cargoes would yield at least 20,000,000 dollars, and that the number of seamen employed in the business was ten thousand.—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

AN OVERLOADED STEED.—The Mechanic and Farmer is now said to be conducted by a trio of editors, each one of which is a host in himself. To judge by the heavy mould and creaking wheels of the car, we should think that the last editor was taken in as a *passenger* only. That appears to us like a poor ass toiling over the rocks and desolate places of Maine, with three straggling riders on his back, all endeavoring to avail themselves of the services of the jaded animals, when their own legs might be a much better support.

DEFINITIONS. *High respectability*—High houses, high-heeled boots, and high living.

Smile—A twist of the mouth—a mere business transaction.

Frown—The current coin with which a dandy pays his tailor's bill.

Active Piety—Persecuting infidels and heretics.

Religious—Rich enough to own a pew in some church.

Contentment—Want of energy.

Coward—A man who forgives his enemies.

Rigid Honesty—Exacting the uttermost farthing from a poor debtor.

STAMMERING. A young gentleman by the name of Samuel E. Duffield, who had a bad impediment in his speech, placed himself under the care of Dr Comstock of Philadelphia, who cured him effectually. The Saturday Courier says, 'He can speak and read with as much fluency as though he had never been subjected to any impediment of speech.'

Capt Perry, at Salem, from Calcutta, heard at St Helena on the 12th of September, that the British ship Doncaster, from the Isle of France, with upwards of eighty passengers on board, had foundered in a gale off Cape of Good Hope, and all on board perished.

FIRE IN NEW YORK. Fifteen houses were destroyed in Sanguinet street—twelve burned and three torn down, on Sunday morning last. They were rented by poor people, who by this calamity have been left suddenly destitute and houseless. The inhabitants narrowly escaped with their lives.

SHAMEFUL. The Rhode Islanders fear they shall complete their State Prison before they find any one to put into it. Is there no patriotism in the state of Roger Williams that they suffer so useful an institution to go down for want of support?

The passengers by the ship Alabama during the late passage from New York to New Orleans, have presented a very handsome silver pitcher to Capt Berry in testimony of their high estimate of his personal character and professional talents.

☞We understand that a man by the name of Richardson, aged about 40, unmarried, committed suicide by hanging himself Saturday, in Charlestown. He formerly tended bar in the Warren Inn, in C. We have not heard any cause assigned for the act.

RECRUIT.—Doctor Houston's Balm of Gilead is said to be an excellent restorative for studious persons, and for those laboring under the blues after a debauch. It invigorates and strengthens both body and mind.

A young man in New York was charged $26 by a tailor for making a coat—the former finding all the materials.

'Why are the British troops like tailors?

Ans.—Because they are adepts at *charging*.

Dr Williams the Royal Oculist has been expelled, bag and baggage from his boarding place.

'Great Cæsar dead and turned to clay.'

PASSION FOR LITERATURE. A man in Pawtucket, during a violent paroxism of anger tore a beautiful edition of Shakspeare to atoms.

☞A drama, founded on Professor Ingraham's Lafitte, was produced at the Walnut street Theatre, on Friday evening.

DROWNED.—A lad, 11 years of age, by the name of Brazilla Dusenberg, son of Mr John Dusenburg, was found drowned at New York on Saturday afternoon.

RAISING THE FOUNDATION. An exchange says that 'the foundation of Content must spring up in a man's own mind.'

NOBLES. The Earl of Selkirk and suite arrived at the American Hotel, New York, on Saturday.

☞A child in New York was accidentally suffocated in bed by its drunken father.

We learn by the New York Courier and Inquirer that the Whig cause is triumphant.

James Cox, Esq. has been appointed to take charge of the Wall street Post Office, New York.

CAUGHT. The thief who robbed a passenger on board the Cleopatra has been secured in Providence.

The Salem Landmark has ceased to exist.

GRATITUDE. Mr Cornelius Stocker, No 4[illegible] Washington street, took a young man named Richard Lyons, who had just returned sick and in distress from a whaling voyage about a week ago, into his employment, he also sleep in his store and board at his house. Lyons repaid him on Friday night by robbing his store of sundry articles of groceries, the change in the drawer, a pair of silver spectacles, a new blue coat, and a valuable silver watch, and decamped.

The above is from the New York Times, and affords a ludicrous example of the manner of thinking practised by *some* persons of the present day. The piece is headed 'Gratitude,' but probably intends to imply that the young man was guilty of *ingratitude*. Now, for the life of us, we cannot conceive what gratitude is due from a man *employed* to his *employer*. The services of a man employed are, at least, equal to the remuneration which he receives. What! thank a man for permitting you to serve him! But perhaps our neighbor thinks that the privilege *of sleeping in his employer's store*, and boarding at his house, demanded the everlasting gratitude of the young man. We believe there is not one case out of ten where a young man would not prefer boarding elsewhere than under the watchful eye of his employer; for, however kind the employer may be, there is always a feeling of constraint and dependence in the mind of a youth thus kept in the presence of the man who has the privilege of commanding him. We have nothing to say in defence of Lyon's conduct. Let the thief suffer the full penalty of the laws which he has outraged—but, really, we are at a loss to see how a young man is laid under obligation by receiving the wages of his servitude. It is no *favor* to give a man employment; and much less to permit him to *sleep in a store*, and board at his master's house.

LOSS OF THE U. S. SCHR DALLAS. We learn from the New Orleans papers, that the United States schooner of war Dallas, Commandant Green, was lost on Tampico Bar 22d of September, when endeavoring to pass into the river. All blame is attached to the Mexican pilot, who had been on board some time previous, and who assured Mr Green that there was sufficient water on the bar to admit the Dallas to pass with safety; but, to the utter dismay of all on board, the schooner, with a light landing breeze struck in six feet water when there was full eight feet in the channel. She then swung about, and rolling down upon her side, drifting into four feet water, where the pilot jumped overboard and ran away, leaving the Dallas's crew to relieve themselves in the best possible manner. The company of the schooner immediately landed her armament, sails and rigging, which were put on board the schooner Creole, and have arrived, together with her officers and crew at this port, where the effects are to be sold, we presume, for the 'benefit of those concerned.'

The wreck of the Dallas sold for $200.

FROM FLORIDA.—The brig Cornelia, Capt J. B. Ratteen, arrived yesterday morning, fifteen days from Key West. We are indebted to Capt R. for the following account of the movement of the Seminoles among the Florida Keys. On the 9th ult a body of about 30 in number landed on the west end of Key Largo, distant from Indian Key about 15 miles, where a small Turtler was lying; they fired upon the vessel. The master and crew became alarmed and fled to the boat. The Indians then made their appearance on the beach and fired upon them, wounding two men. As soon as they found the vessel abandoned, they went on board and set fire to her. There had been a number of depredations committed by them within a few days previous to this. The sloop of war Vandalia and cutter Washington are now lying in Key West. An expedition of four boats and the schooner Washington with about 70 marines, under the command of Lieut. Powel, were to leave Key West on the 11th, to proceed up the coast as far as New River.'—*Jour. Com.*

The Boston Herald says:

'The ex-firemen of New York continue to be troublesome. They still take every opportunity to destroy the hose and engines.'

This is a mistake. Some outrages of the kind may be justly attributed to the loafers about engine houses, but that the respectable ex-firemen encourage them, no one who knows them will believe.

The above is from the Sunday Morning News. We take pleasure in giving it an insertion—but would, *en passant*, ask of the News why he, like many others, never gives credit for our articles, excepting when he has some fault to find with them.

FIRE. Tuesday evening at half past 8, a fire was discovered in the cellar of a stable attached to the Mechanic's Inn, occupied by Mr Howe, at the corner of Cross and Blackstone streets. It was soon extinguished. There were no horses or hay in the stable, and the cellar was used for storing wood. There is no doubt but it was set on fire, as no light had been carried there.

GHOST STORY. The Baltimore Express says that the ghost of a young lady appears every night behind a Methodist Meeting House in New York. That is a trifle in comparison with what we have in Boston. Here, not the shadow, but the real, substantial, sweet flesh and blood of young ladies walk into our churches every Sunday, in broad daylight.

TRAPPING. Three noted burglars, named Brown, Hand and Bladen, were arrested lately in Philadelphia, by Messrs McLean and Blaney, while in the act of robbing a store.—The officers had knowledge of their intentions previous to their attempt, and secreted themselves on the premises until night, when the villains were all captured.

HEAD QUARTERS. The New York Mirror has made an attack on the ladies' large bonnets, and prefaces his assault by the declaration that there is nothing ungallant in what he is about to do. It is enough for editors to attend to the *inside* of the ladies' heads—the *outside* lies wholly in the province of the milliner.

Fanny Kemble Butler will spend the winter in England—her husband will go to Georgia. He has invented high-heeled boots, some of them exalting the person three inches and a half. This idea was probably suggested to him by Fanny stating that he 'lacked inches.'

☞The New Era says that there are certain landlords of sailors' boarding houses, in New York, who are in league with small lawyers to persuade seamen to complain against their officers. We think such a conspiracy is needless, as there are sufficient causes of complaint on the part of sailors, without having recourse to fictitious ones.

We greet the arrival of 'Astoria, or a journey beyond the Rocky Mountains,' by Washington Irving. It has been for some time announced by the Southern papers. It is from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard, is in two large and well printed volumes and will be supplied by Samuel Colman.

Baron de Roome, was on Thursday last presented to the President of the United States, by the acting Secretary of State, Mr Dickens, as the accredited Minister of his Prussian Majesty, near the United States.

On Wednesday evening last a fire occurred in Newtown, L. I. which destroyed the coach-making establishment of Mr Burroughs, the session of the Dutch Reformed Church, and a new dwelling-house belonging to the widow Baylies.

The Transcript of Wednesday evening has the following pithy and excellent article—

'A good play has three indispensable qualities. The first is effect. The second is effect. The third is effect. If it be deficient in the last it cannot keep the stage.'

The truth of it cannot be questioned.

The N. Y. Sun says that it is dangerous for any respectably dressed person to walk the streets of Montreal or Quebec at *night;* and gives as a reason, that robberies are almost *daily* occurring.

"THEM BITTERS." A person arrived in Boston today by land from St John, N B, who lost his passage in the Royal Tar by the boat's length only, from the shore, which distance she had reached, whilst he was taking a parting glass at a tavern. Had the *tavern* burnt down now!—*Trans.*

EMIGRATION. Two fellows named John Fore and Jones left the Jail at Tuscarora, Ohio, without permission, on the 20th inst. They did not even stop to take leave of the Sheriff, who stood in the front door, as they passed out.

JIM CROW. The Jim Crow song in our paper, several days since should have been credited to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

COMMON SENSE *vs.* JUSTICE. The sage men who constitute the Grand Jury of Baltimore have presented *ballooning* as a nuisance. Such legislators will never *rise*.

ACCIDENT. The shoulder blade of Mr John Lewis was broken yesterday, by the falling of a block at Charlestown Navy Yard.

Two hundred and eighty thousand dollars arrived at New Orleans, on the 16th ult, in the schooner Creole, from Tampico.

TEXAS. A convoy left Mexico on the 22d August, transporting the munitions, the linen, and military stores of the army against Texas.

A letter from Havana received in New York, states that the Spanish Constitution of 1812 will probably be proclaimed in a short time.

FINGERING. The steamer Tom Thumb is reported in distress on Boon Island ledge. The little fellow had been supplying the light houses with oil.

The cotton factory of John Crockett, 6 miles south of Otsego, was burned on Wednesday, 27th ult Loss from 20 to 25,000 dollars. No insurance.

The tragedy of Bernardo del Carpio will be repeated tonight for the fourth time

The daily steam navigation between Quebec and Montreal has been discontinued, owing to the scarcity of fuel.

Elizabeth Marseilles, born in Virginia, aged 63 years, was found dead in her bed, in New York, on Monday night.

DESPATCH. The stage of the new Bowery Theatre is laid, and next week the roof will be covered over.

SHOCKING CASUALTY. A little girl aged 10 or 11 years was run over Wednesday by the Holliston mail stage. Her back was broken, and she was otherwise so severely injured as to expire in a short time. The name of the little unfortunate was Ellen Dow[illegible]. It is thought that the accident resulted from no carelessness on the part of the driver who was going down hill, and could not restrain his horses in time. He immediately stopped, and gave his name, evincing much emotion at the melancholy event.

POWER. This gentleman denies that he is a Welshman, as some of the curious and meddling Yankees have asserted. He says that he has never changed his name, and is what he has always professed himself to be, 'an Irish gentleman.' We know not why such absurd slanders should find a willing ear, and why the press should take pleasure in circulating them. That he is guilty of the crime of being a foreigner, we well know, but that should entitle him to our sympathy, and open our doors to the stranger. Sacred to the hearts of a magnanimous people is the name of a 'Stranger.'

DIABOLICAL. About 3 o'clock on Monday morning, a shed used as a temporary engine house for No. 26, New York, was set fire to, which, with the engine, was entirely consumed. But the mischief stopped not here. The flames communicated to a large two-story dwelling house owned by a widow, which was burnt to the ground, and she left destitute, as the property was her all. Can no way be devised to bring these rascally incendiaries to justice, or must the innocent continue to suffer for the amusement of the guilty to the end of time.

The Portland Advertiser says that the Elephant and Poney belonging to the Menagerie destroyed on board the Royal Tar, swam ashore at Birce's Island near Fox's Island,—that the Elephant went into a barn yard, and much frightened the cattle there, and that the farmer, learning the cause of the disturbance, repaired to the spot, and afforded the shipwrecked visitor an asylum in his barn.

DARING. A fellow went into Mr Regally's watchmaker's shop yesterday afternoon, and packed his hat and a small trunk full of watches. As the proprietor was absent, and he was known not to belong to the establishment, a brother watchmaker, who had watched his movements, seized him when he came out, and he was taken to jail.

GOOD. A man who was snatched from his bed by the Mayor of Truro and committed on the charge of making a disturbance in the street, has recovered one hundred and fifty pounds for false imprisonment. The Mayor would not hear the case on the night when the man was arrested, and plaintiff was locked up until morning. A good night's work.

FIRE AT HOLLISTON. Two barns, two yoke of oxen, and a large quantity of hay was destroyed by fire at Holliston, yesterday morning; supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The property belonged to William Eames, and the loss is estimated at $1500.

FIGHT. A runaway negro attacked Mr L. Waterman of New Orleans, while the latter was shooting, with his teeth. Mr Waterman fired his rifle, and killed the negro instantly. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

LOAFERS. The Montreal Transcript who, by the by, has an article of ours in its editorial columns, *loaded*, says that 'Loafers are naturally lazy.' There can be no doubt of that, and that, whenever they can, they live upon the labors of others.

PATRONAGE.—The man who seeks for patronage in this world would do well to bear in mind, that for every favor he receives from his patrons, more than equivalent will be expected. People do not give something for nothing, now-a-days.

FIRE IN NEW YORK. At four o'clock, on Tuesday Morning says the Journal of Commerce, a fire broke out in a low Dutch building in New street on the East side next to the corner of Wall street, occupied as a grocery by H. Holrie.

The building was destroyed, and while the occupant was exerting himself to save his property, a portion of the wall fell on him and hurt him considerably, though not dangerously. The fire soon spread to the old brick double house corner of Wall and New street, occupied by a great number of persons. The part on the corner occupied by B. Roach optician, Gracie & Sargeant, and others, was destroyed, but the lower part of the eastern half was saved, though badly damaged with fire and water.

NEW YORK. The board of Aldermen passed a resolution to petition the general government for the establishment of a mint in the city.

James Gulick, late Chief Engineer has been exonerated from any charge of discrepancy in his account with the Corporation.

SPECIE AT NEW ORLEANS. Letters from New Orleans dated October 15th say that two sums of specie had arrived there from Mexico amounting to 600,000 dollars.

The letters also say, that a great Mexican house had purchased all the domestic goods in that market, amounting to two millions of dollars, which were to be paid for in specie. We understand a very considerable advance has taken place in this market on domestic goods in consequence of this news. It is an important matter, that the trade with Mexico is so fully revived.

FROM TEXAS. The New Orleans Standard says, that the Texian army is encamped on the Labaca river, in two brigades of 2200 men, under Generals Rusk and Green.—All the men are volunteers from the United States—the Texans having retired to their farms, reported to be in high cultivation with good crops. The Texans are now equipping two armed vessels at Galveston, the schooner De Kalb, to carry eighteen guns, and the schooner Viper, lately the Passaic of New Orleans. The persons engaged in the attempt to rescue Santa Anna have been liberated, except Bartholomew Pages, who was condemned to be hung.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT On the 18th ult. the Rev Mr Sewall of Burlington, was attempting to pass the crossing of the Worcester Railroad, at Angier's corner in Newton. Mr Sewall unexpectedly found his chaise entangled with a steam-engine, which was moving with the rapidity of lightning. He was carried along, in his chaise, by the side of the engine, about eight rods, the horse having cleared himself from the chaise and got out of the way. The chaise was almost entirely ruined. Mr Sewall came to the ground unhurt.—*Courier.*

TUSCALOOSA, (Ala.) Oct 15. On Monday, the mill-dam of the Tuscaloosa Manufacturing Company, situated in Bibo county, gave way just at the time a number of persons were about returning, after inspecting a leak that had made its appearance. Mr Benson, Ex-President of the Company, was under the centre of the race leading to the water wheel when the dam gave way. The rush of water was so sudden, that he was inundated in a moment, and swept down stream, with the ruins, against the water wheel—that giving way, he drifted down the stream about one mile. His body was found about 46 hours after the disaster.

A curious circumstance happened Monday in the Court of Common Pleas. In the case of Nathaniel Goddard vs the City, touching a claim to Hart's wharf, so called, the Jury went to view the premises, and had scarcely returned into Court when the cry of fire was raised, and the buildings they had been examining were burnt. The case was continued. The land, however, leaves enough for the lawyers to make a good fight out of the case yet.—*Advocate.*

The Baltimore American of Monday says, 'Another section of the Richmond and Fredericksburgh Rail Road has just been finished and brought into use. Passengers are now conveyed on the rail road from Richmond to Downer's bridge, 48 miles, leaving less than 16 miles of stage travelling to Fredericksburg. It is supposed that the entire line will be finished by Christmas.'

ACCIDENT. As the engines were returning home through Blackstone street, last evening, an Irish woman living in Stillman street, was knocked down and run over by a horse and wagon, which was driven furiously through the street, regardless of the lives of the people,—the wheels passed over the breast of the woman; and when taken up, she was senseless. *Merc. Jour.*

THE DALLAS. It is believed, says the New Orleans Standard, that the Mexican pilot had secret orders to wreck the Dallas, as she drew only six feet water, and there were eight on the bar—the wind being light and fair at the time. Affidavits on this subject will be presented to the United States government.

☞We have seen the driver of the stage which ran over the little girl Wednesday. He has endeavored to find the parents of the deceased, and appears to be exceedingly dejected on account of the accident. He has left his name, and told where he may be found. He says that the child stood behind a wagon, as he came along, and was hidden from his sight. She suddenly stepped out, and the stage passed over her before he could possibly draw the reins. It is a very melancholy affair. The poor sufferer was very beautiful.

☞The National Laborer sarcastically observes that while it was thought Rathbun would have a million over his debts, popular sympathy was excited in his favor, but since it is ascertained he cannot pay fifty cents on a dollar, the virtuous indignation of the public is above fever heat.

JOAN OF ARC. The play of Joan of Arc was produced on Monday night at the Franklin Theatre, with very good success. Miss Waring appeared as Joan of Arc, and sustained the high reputation which she had previously won. We wonder that such a lovely and bewitching creature should still be a *Miss*.

Walton, now on trial at Dedham for a capital offence, made a desperate attempt to escape Tuesday. He had obtained files and cut off all his irons, and when the keeper came in, he knocked him down, and came near escaping, but was defeated.

John D. Williams Esq. has liberally offered his land for a street, and the city authorities have agreed to lay it out. A wag asks, Why it would not be appropriate to call it *John D. Street*.

☞There were 149 deaths in New York last week.

☞The yellow fever is said to be raging at Tampico.

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The Silk Raiser's Manual: or the art of raising and feeding Silk Worms, and of cultivating the Mulberry tree. By M. Morin, member of several learned Societies. Translated from the French.

An Introduction to Phrenology, in the form of questions and answers, with an appendix and copious illustrative notes. By Robert Macnish, author of 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' 'Philosophy of Sleep,' &c.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1837.

Notices of Florida and the Campaigns. By M. M. Cohen, (an officer of the left wing.)

The Religious Creeds and Statistics of every Christian Denomination in the United States and British Provinces, with some account of the religious sentiments of the Jews, American Indians, Deists, Mahometans, &c.—alphabetically arranged. By John Hayward.

The Testimony of God against Slavery. By Rev La Roy Sunderland.

'*Every Man his own Physician*;' or The Vegetable Family Physician—containing a description of the Roots and Herbs common to this country, with their medicinal properties and uses; also, directions for the treatment of diseases incident to human nature, by vegetables alone, embracing many valuable Indian Recipes. By Samuel B. Emmons.

Spark's American Biography, *Vol 6*: containing Lives of Wm Pinkney, Wm Ellery and Cotton Mather.

Memoir of Rev Edward Payson, D.D., late of Portland, Me. By Rev Asa Cummings.

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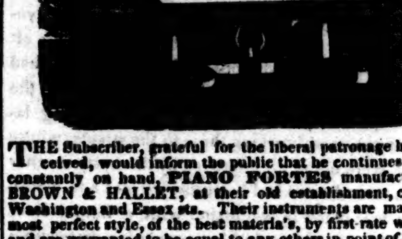

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